

SMILIN' ED'S

Buster Brown

COMICS

Book
No. 20



Kids — Listen in every Saturday morning
Station WSM

FLORENCE SHOE CO.

FLORENCE, ALA.

Rachel



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Hi, Buddies and Sweethearts!

Be sure to get this swell new neckerchief. Wear it and let everybody know you belong to the Buster Brown Gang.

EACH NECKERCHIEF IN 3 BEAUTIFUL COLORS!



EACH NECKERCHIEF ALMOST TWO FEET SQUARE!



Here's the good-looking gold-colored metal clip that comes with every neckerchief and holds it in place when you wear it.

Why, in the stores this combination would cost 80¢ or more! But as a Buster Brown Gang member you can get *both* for only . . .

25¢

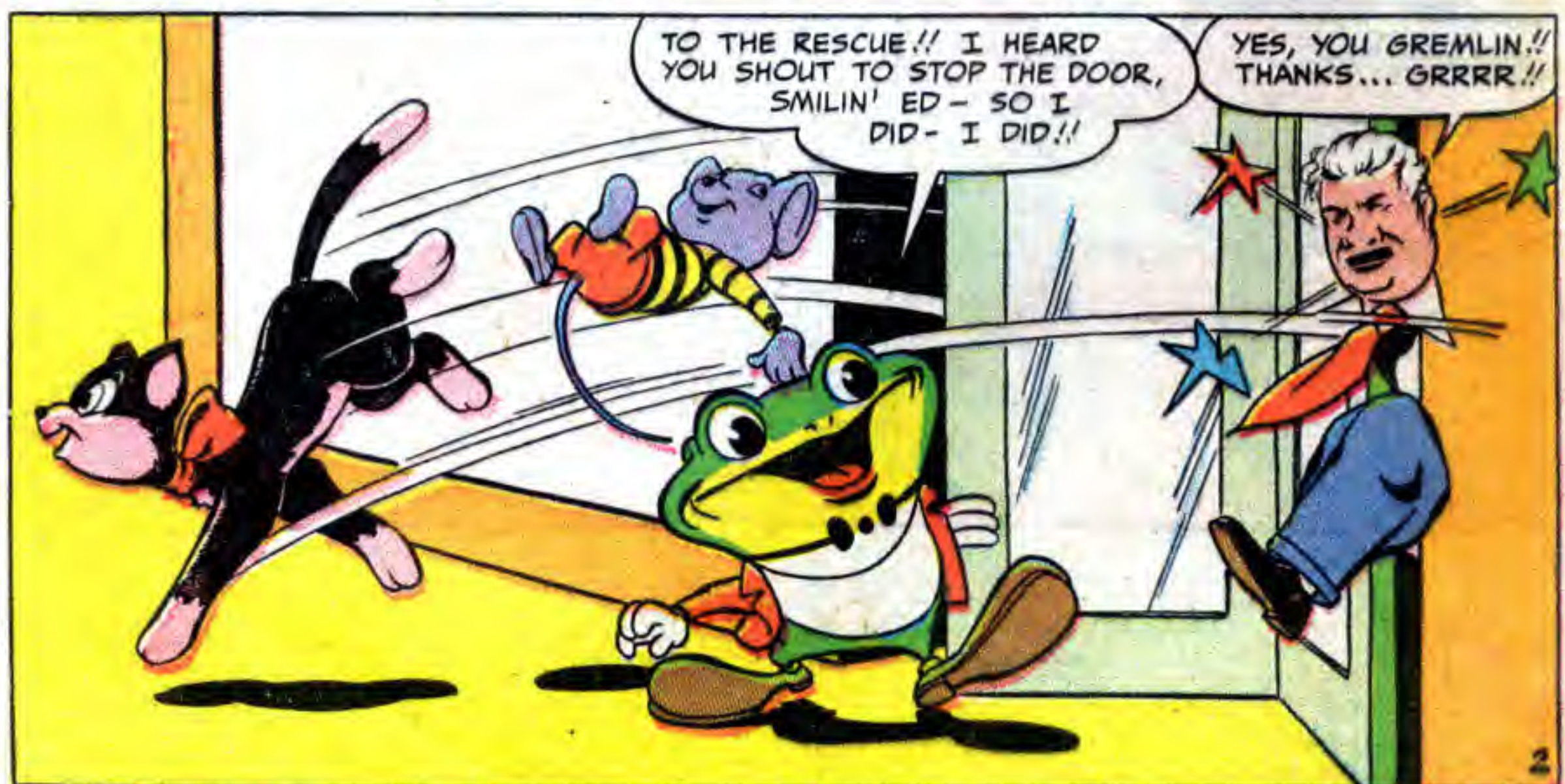
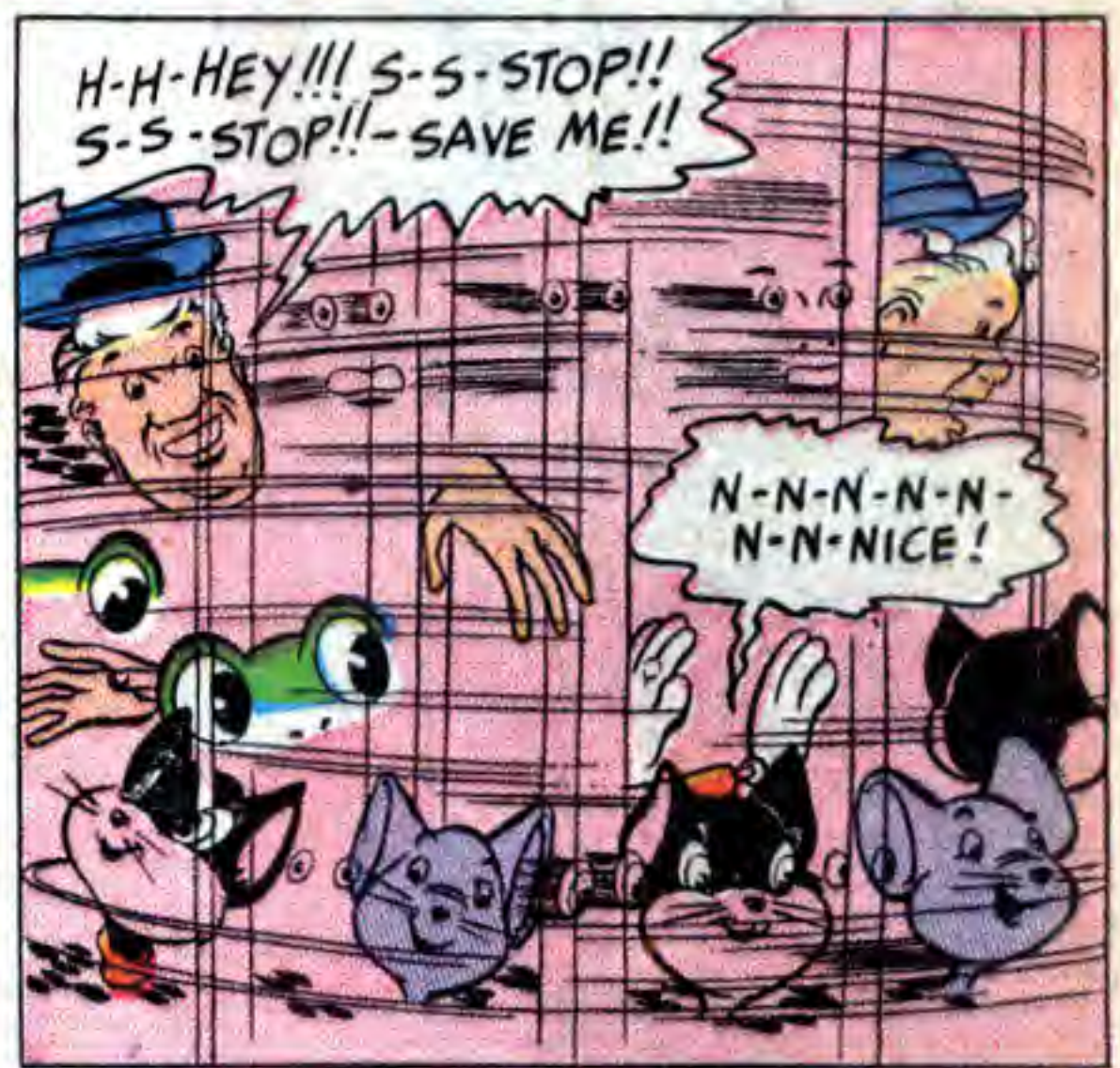
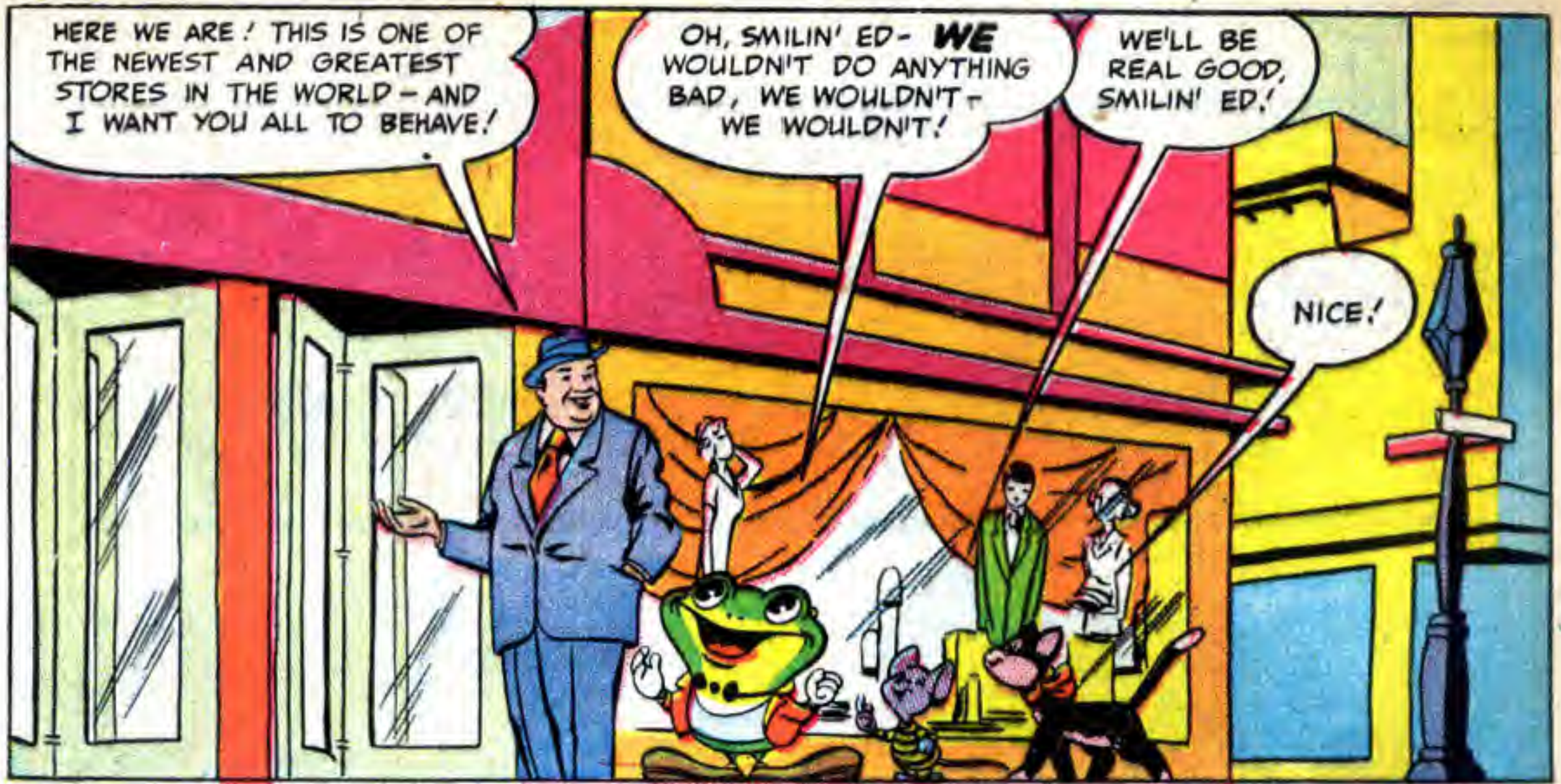
**THIS
IS A WOW!
WANTA KNOW HOW
TO GET IT?
SEE INSIDE BACK
COVER**

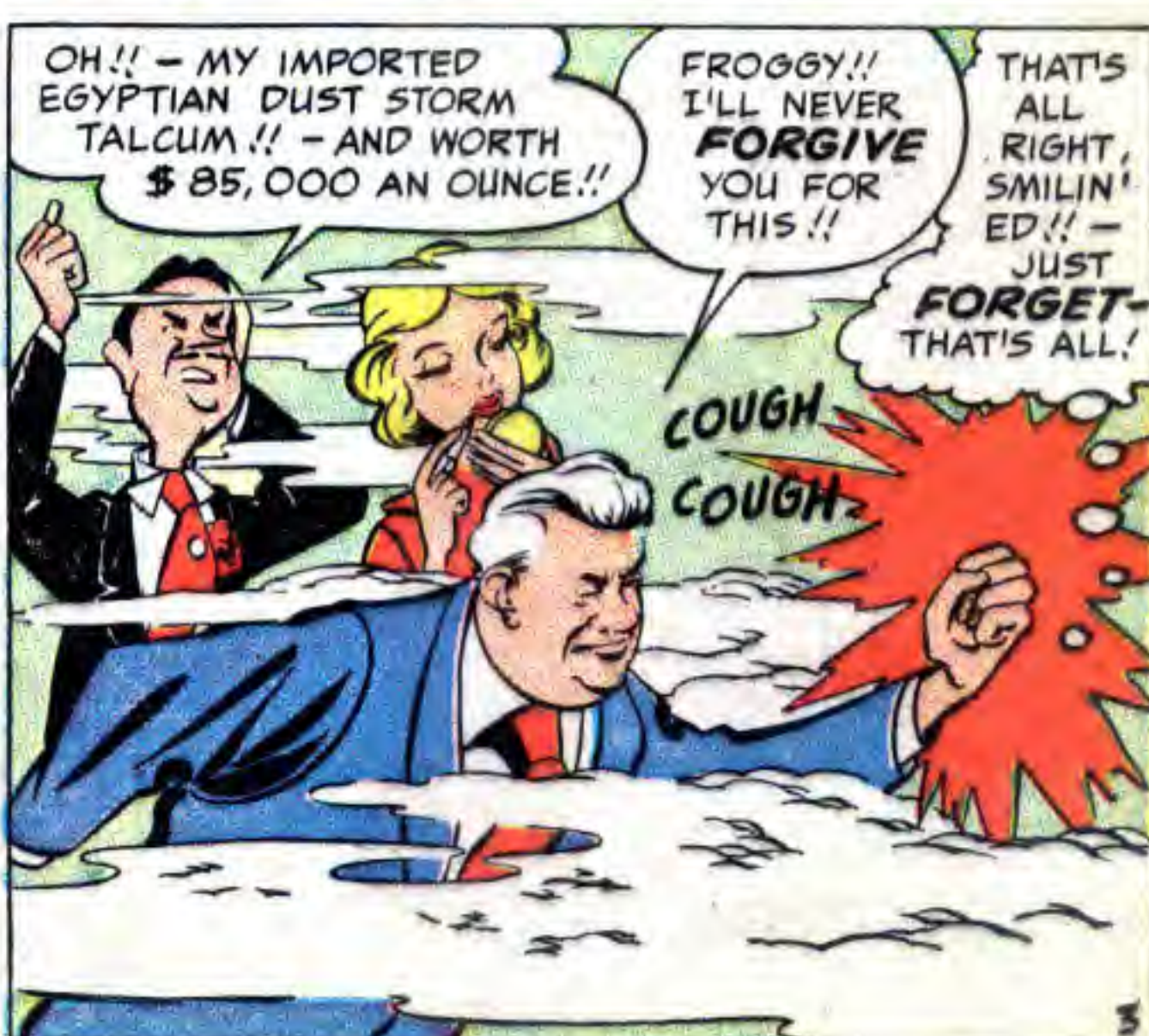
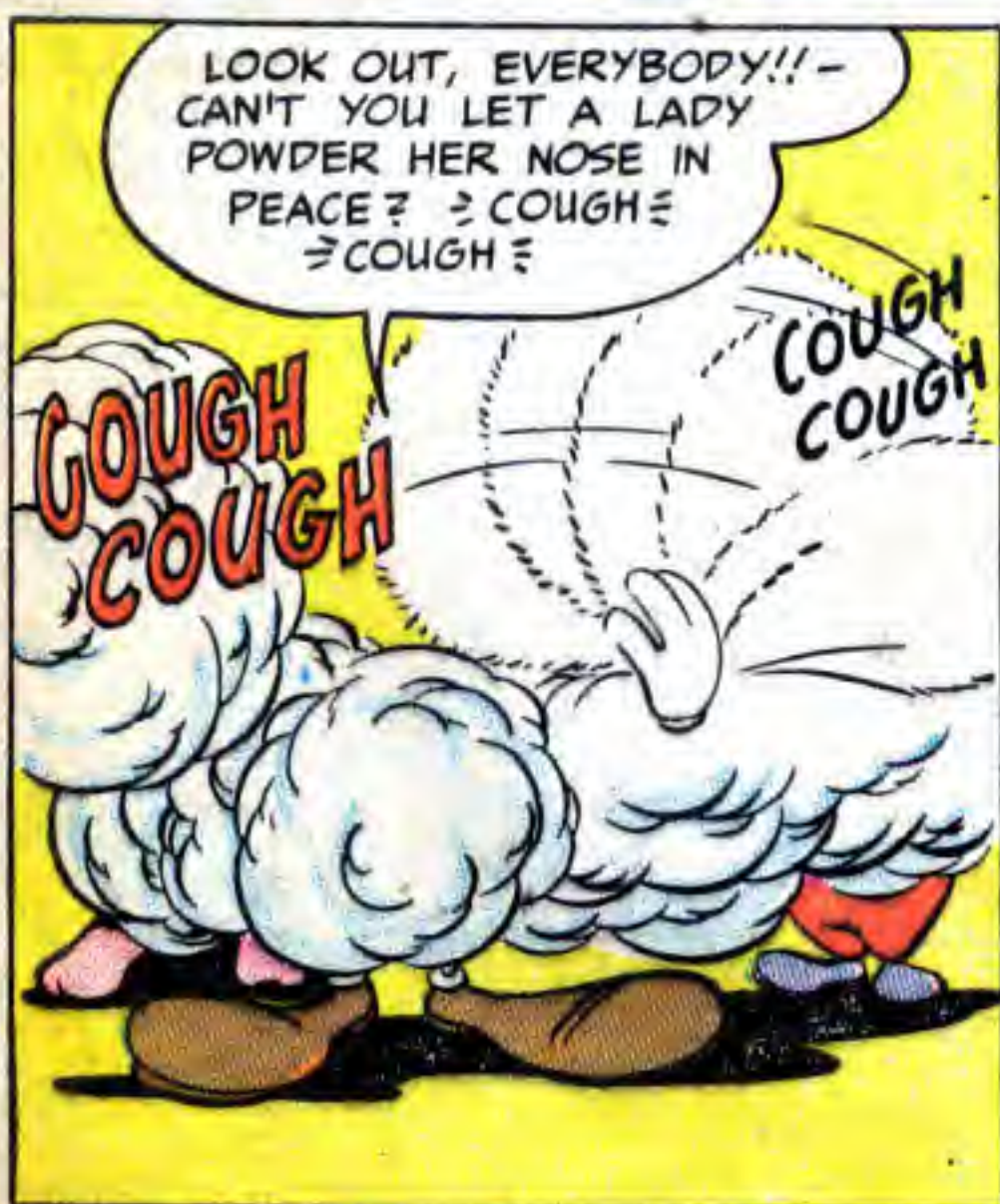
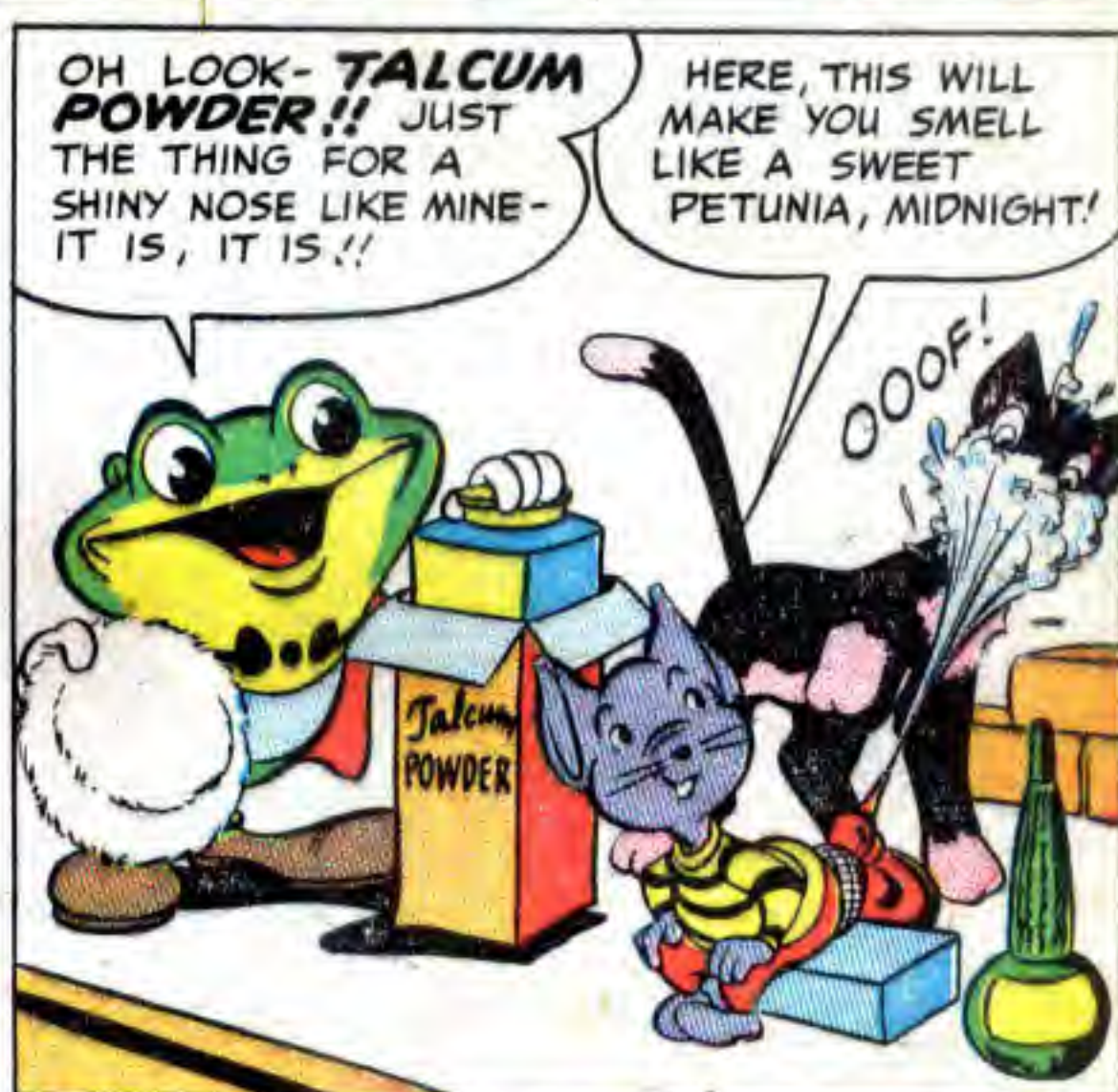
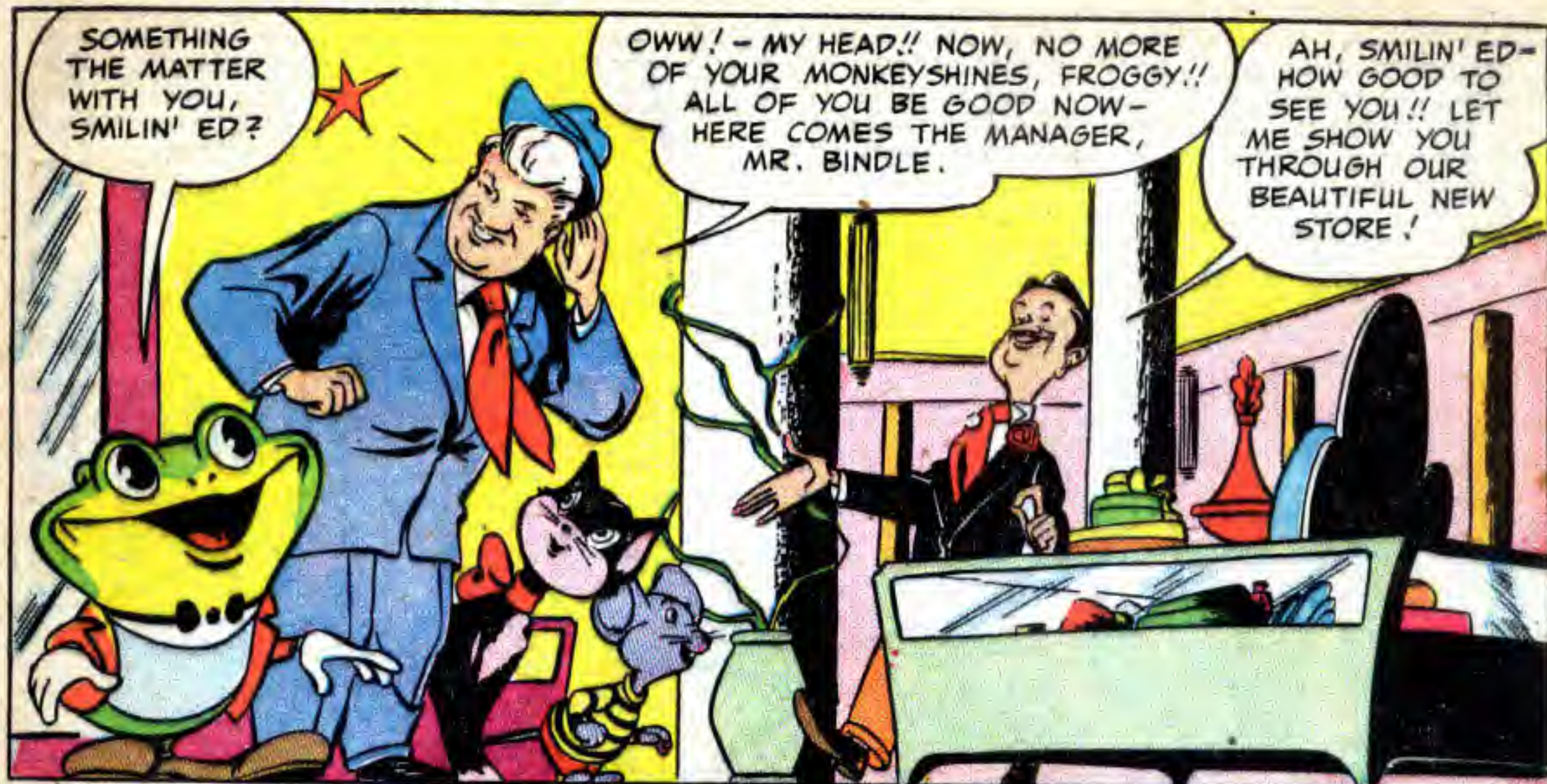
Shopping Spree

with Smilin' Ed and his gang

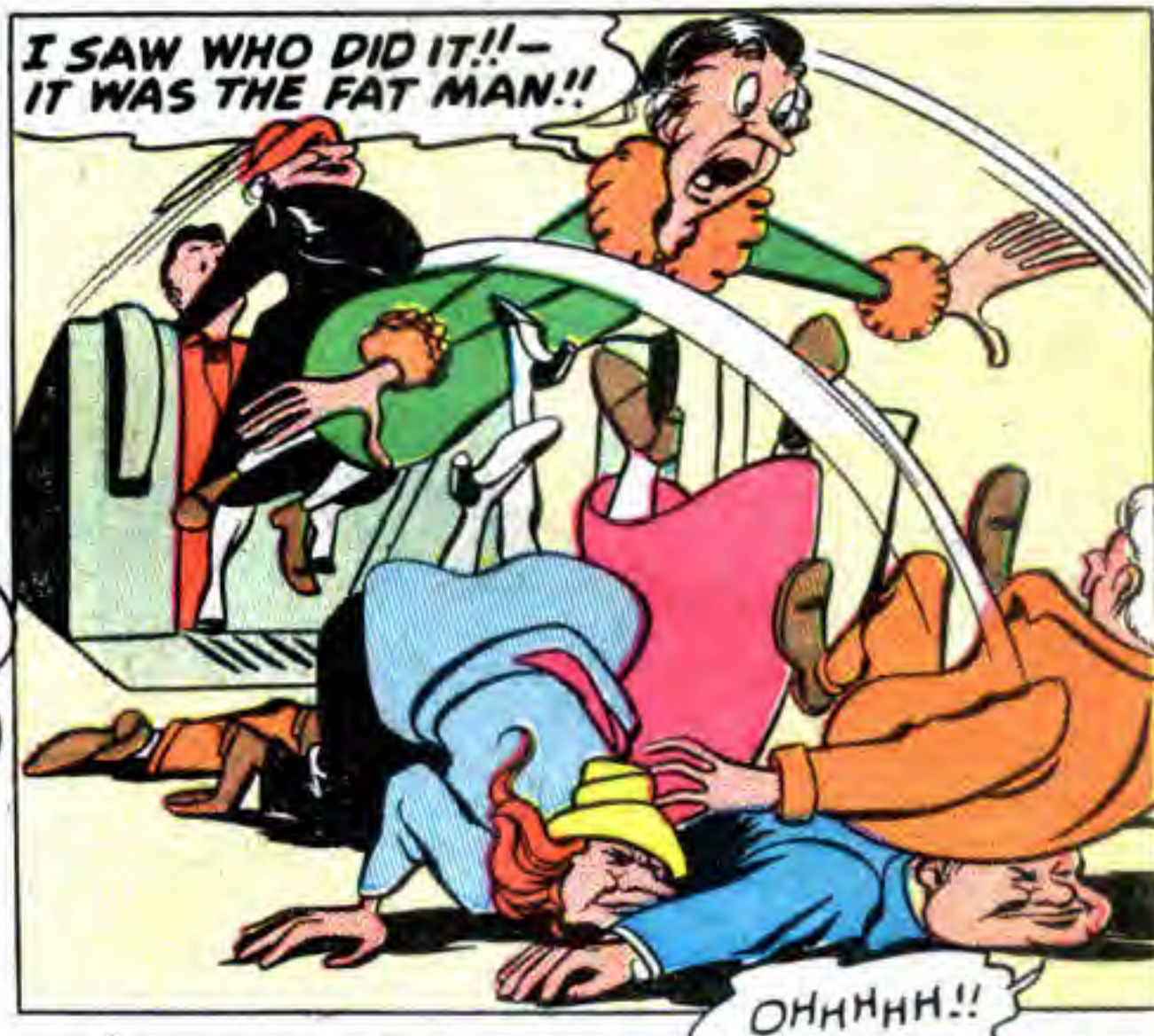
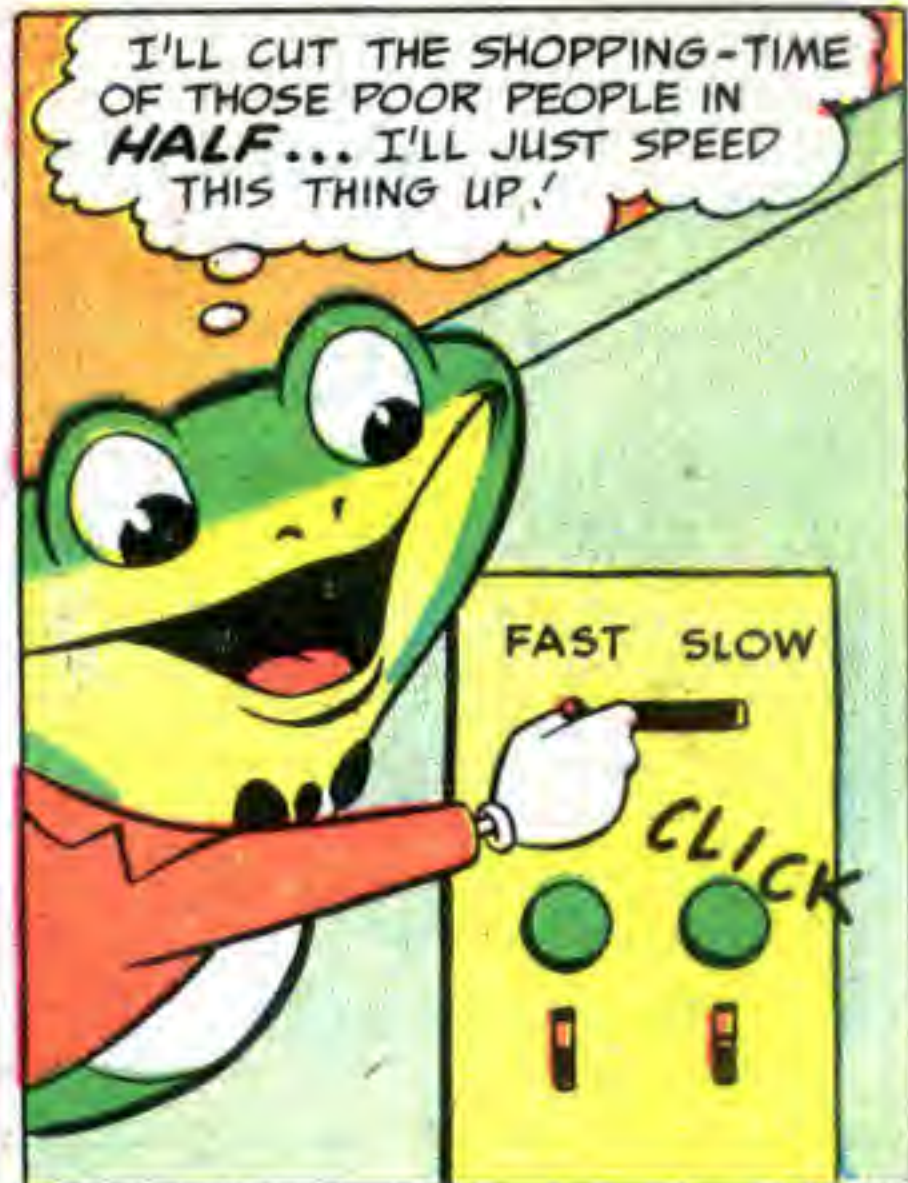
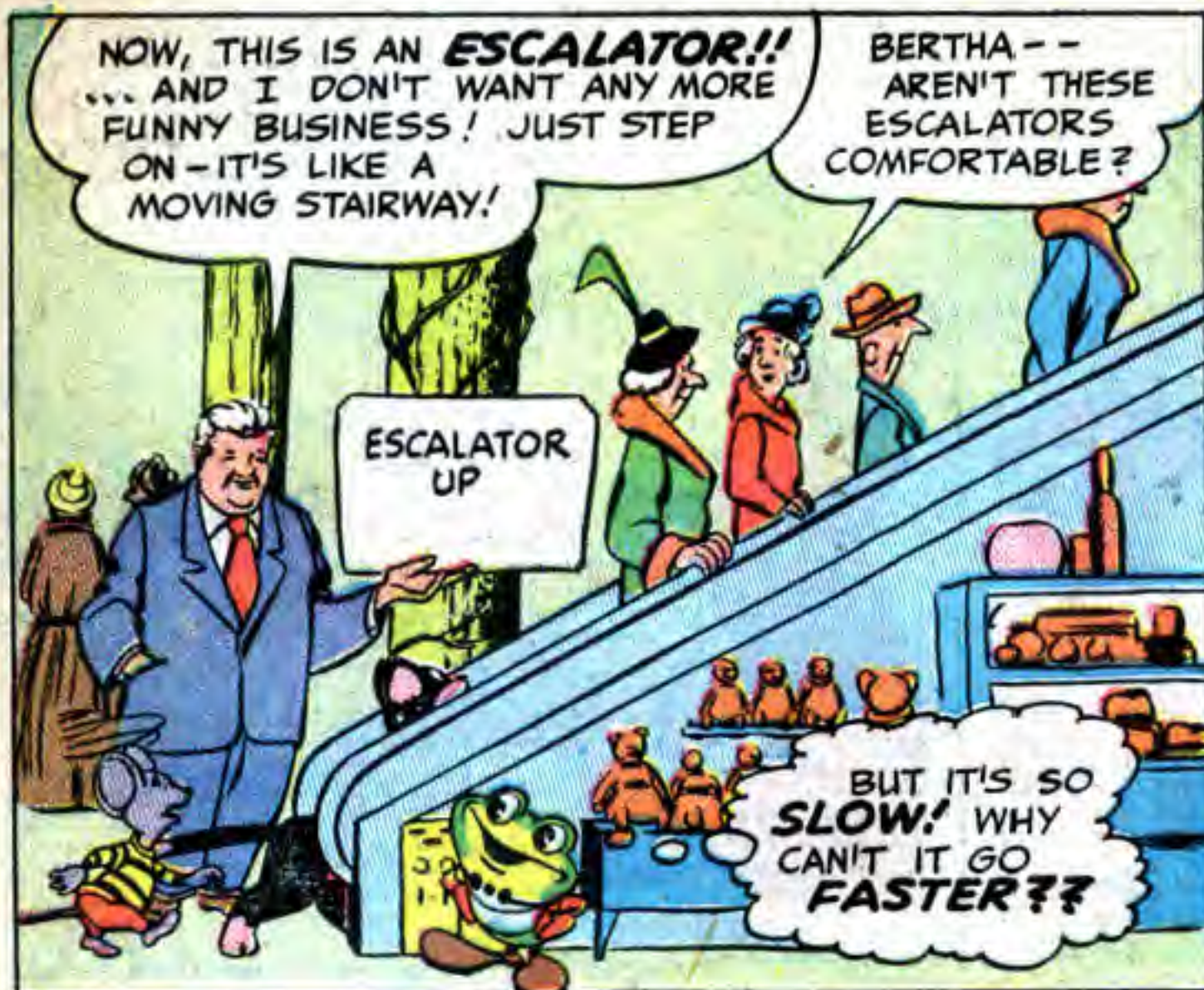


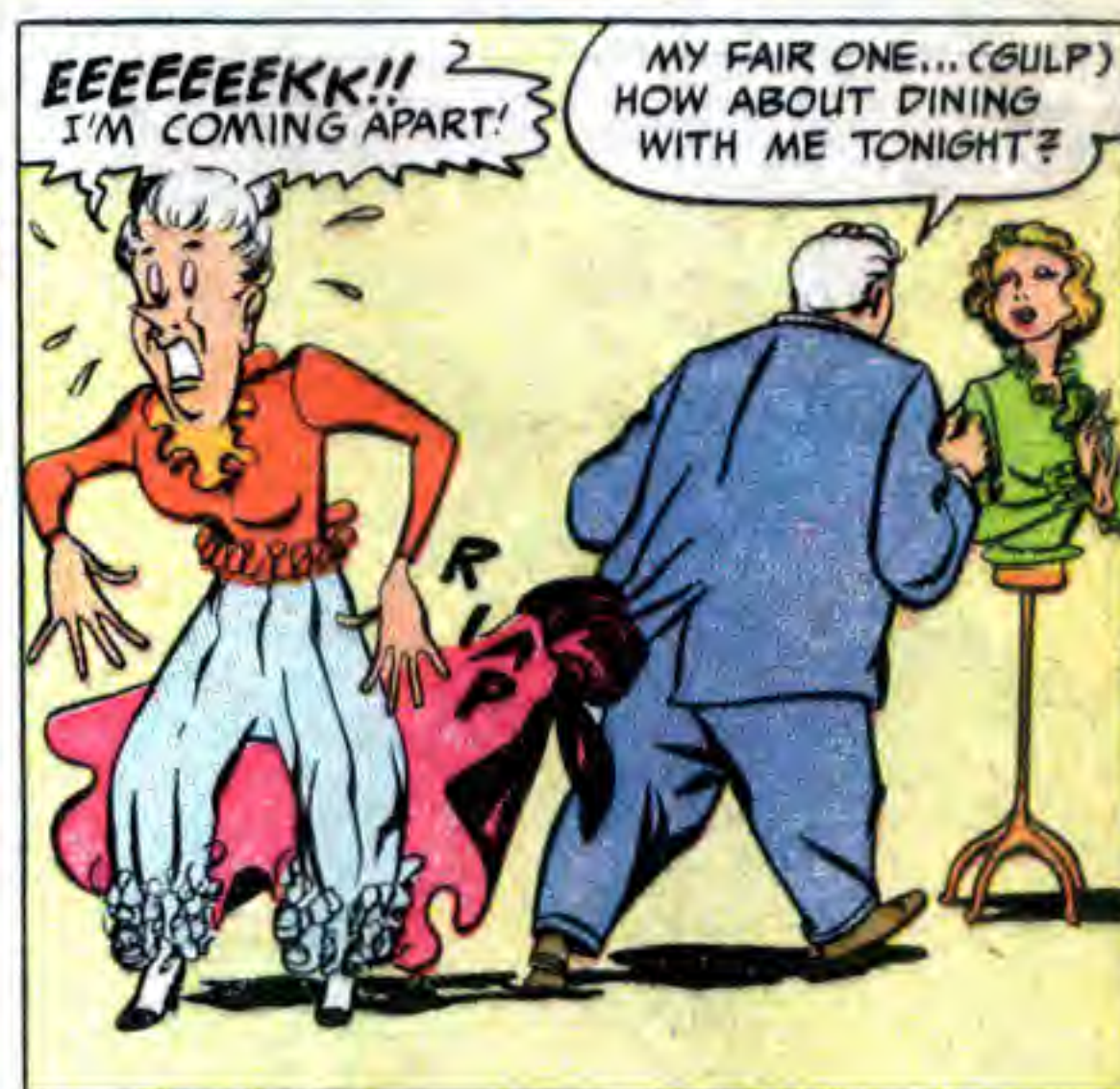
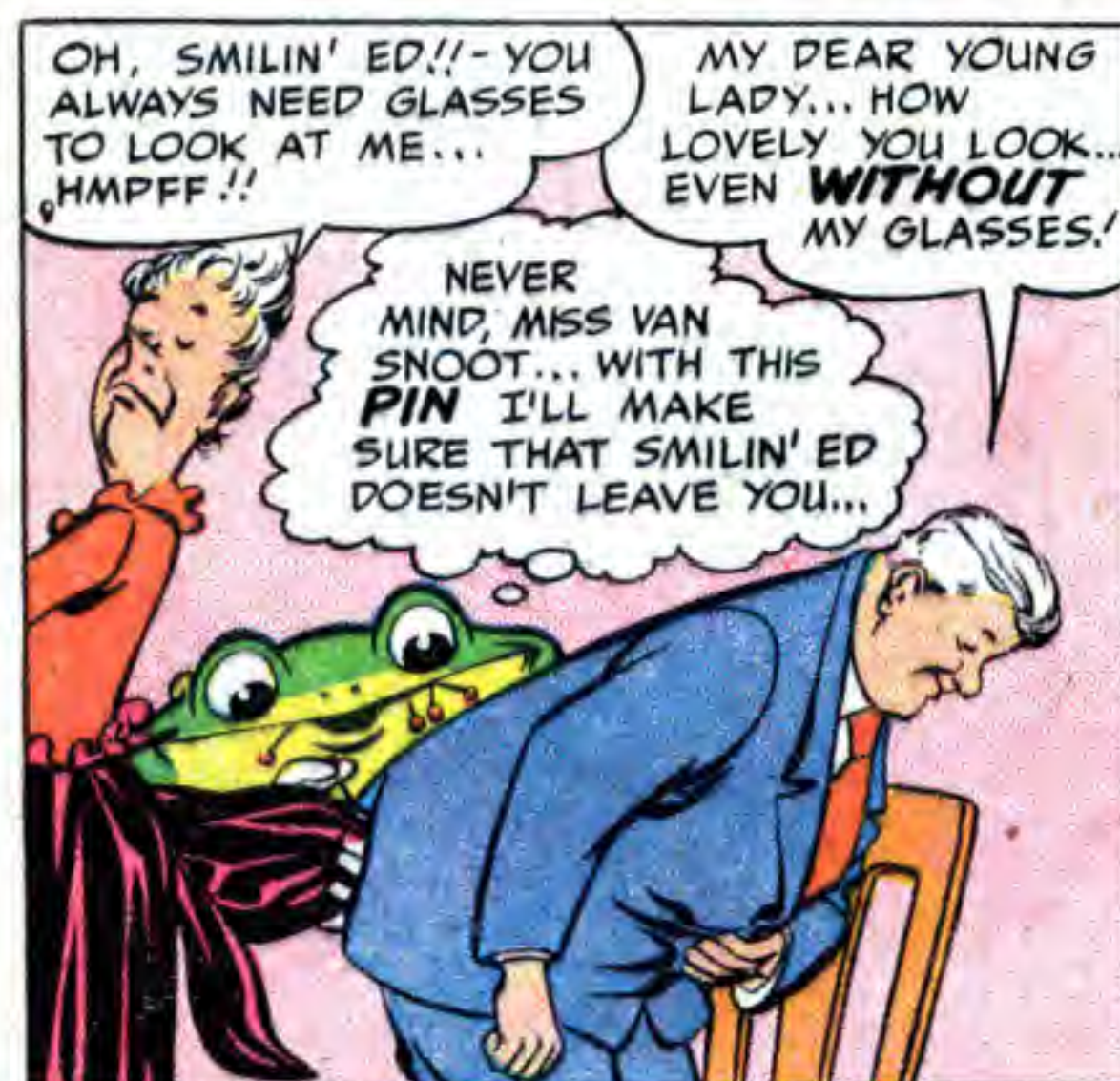
AND THIS IS THE WAY SMILIN' ED DECIDES TO TAKE HIS GANG SHOPPING HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO BUY SHOES FOR MIDNIGHT THE CAT, FROGGY THE GREMLIN AND SQUEEKY THE MOUSE ...

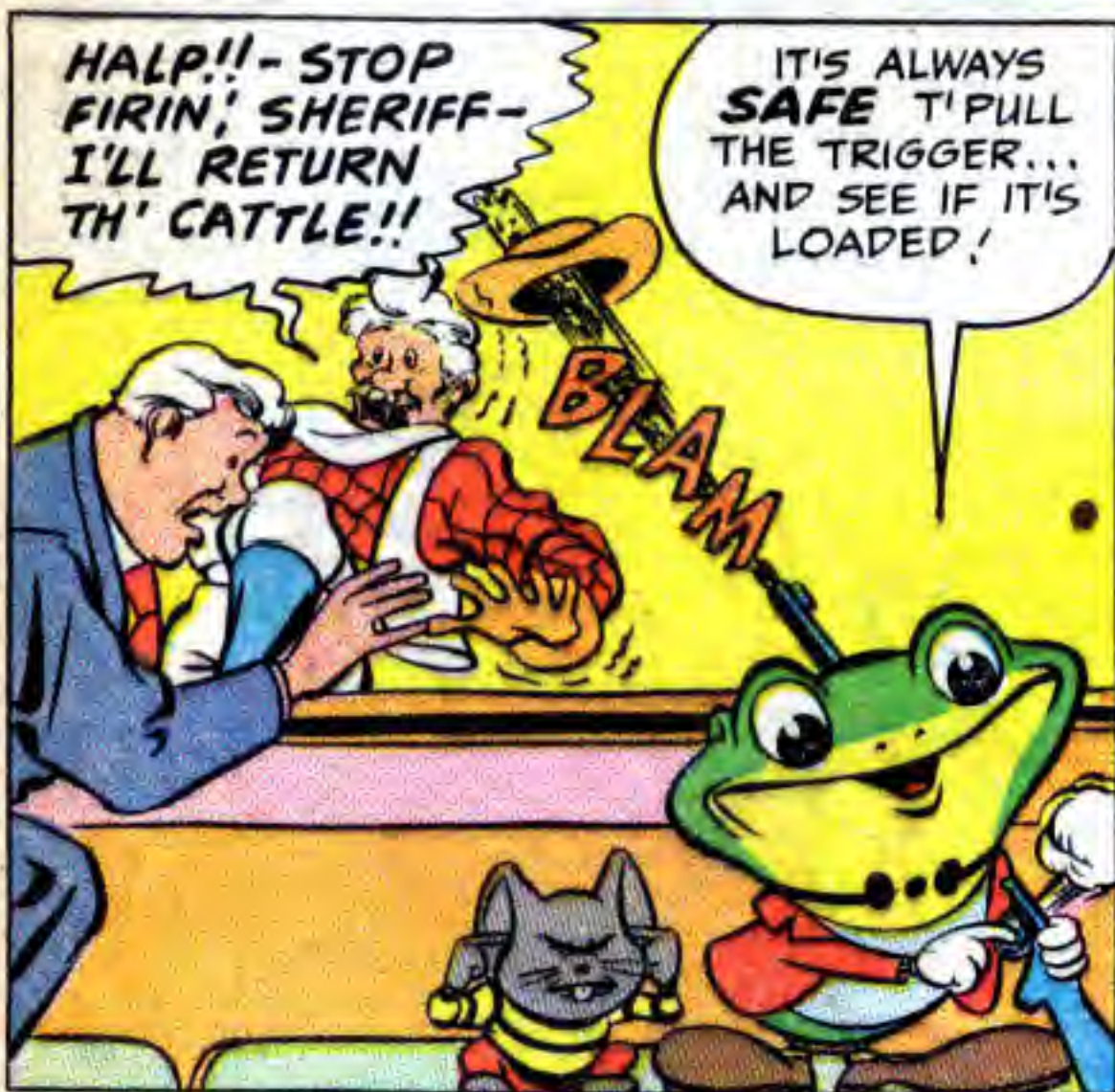
















MINE PONY

IT IS MANY, MANY YEARS AGO IN ENGLAND ... AND A TIME WHEN SHETLAND PONIES WERE FREQUENTLY USED AS BEASTS OF BURDEN IN THE COAL MINES... BUT THIS STORY IS ABOUT "STAR," A PONY THAT IS OWNED BY THE WIDOW, MRS. CHANDLER ... AND NOW WE SEE MRS. CHANDLER AND HER SON, RODNEY, AS THEY DRIVE TO TOWN TO SELL THEIR EGGS AND CHICKENS...



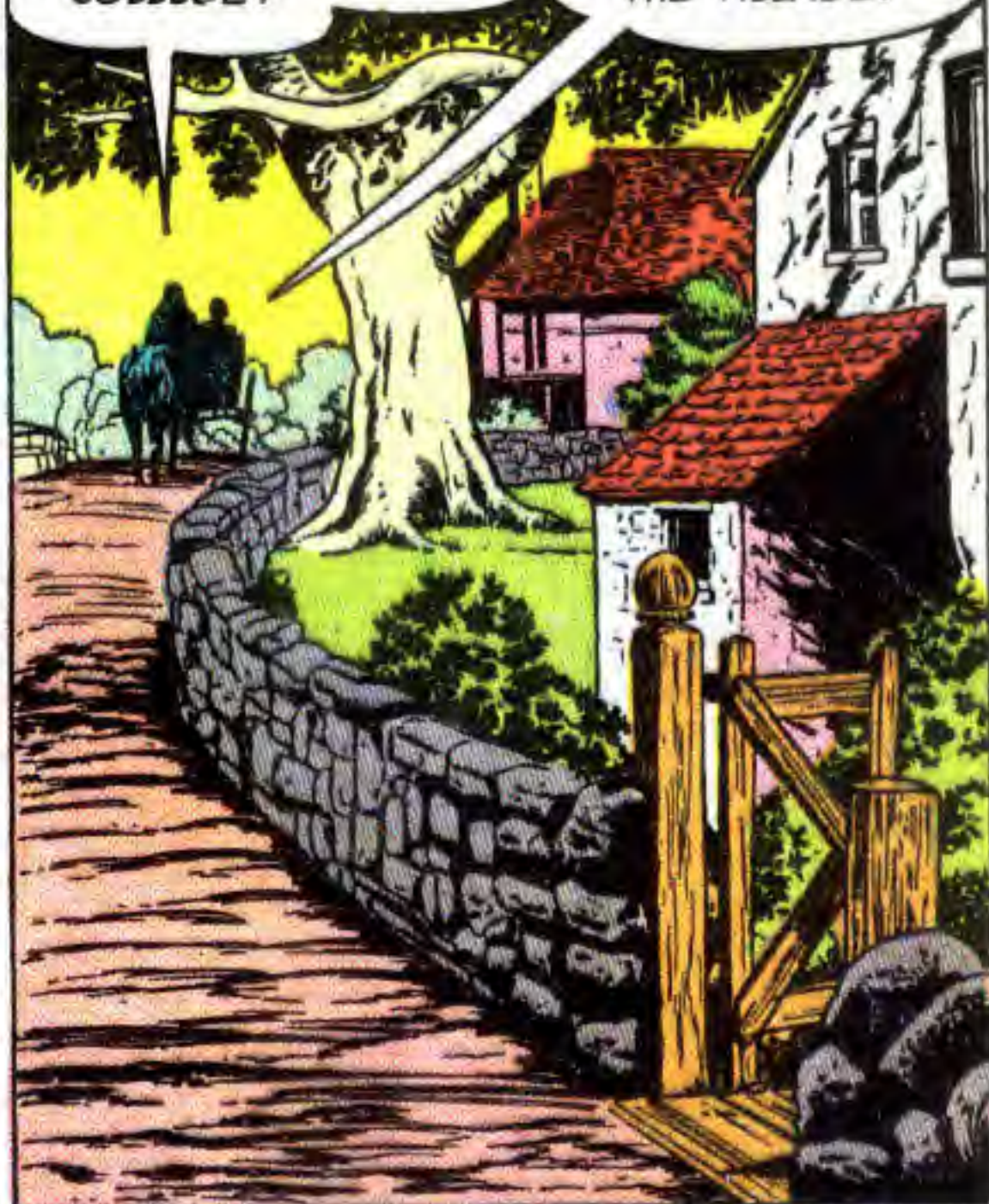
GOODNESS, ROD, WHATEVER WOULD WE DO WITHOUT OUR WONDERFUL LITTLE PONY, STAR? WE WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE OUR EGGS AND CHICKENS INTO THE VILLAGE MARKET IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM!

YES, MOTHER, AND THINGS HAVE GONE VERY HARD WITH US SINCE FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE MINE CAVE-IN. BUT DON'T YOU FRET... I'LL SOON BE OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE A JOB IN THE MINES AND EARN A LIVING.



NO, RODNEY, YOU MUST NEVER WORK IN THE MINES. I AM SAVING A PENNY HERE AND THERE SO THAT YOU CAN GO THROUGH COLLEGE.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, MOTHER, BUT I WANT TO HELP AS SOON AS I CAN! OH, SEE, WE ARE ENTERING THE VILLAGE!



AND IN A COAL MINE FAR UNDER THE EARTH'S SURFACE, TWO MINERS TALK AS THEY WORK AT THEIR DANGEROUS TRADE...

THIS BLINKIN' PICK-AX...! I'D LIKE TO WALLOP OUR BLOOMIN' FOREMAN WITH THE HANDLE OF IT!

YES, THERE'S NOTHING HAPPY ABOUT BEIN' A COAL MINER, CHUM! BUT I'M WORKING ON A PLAN OF MY OWN... AND IT MIGHT MAKE A BIT OF MONEY!



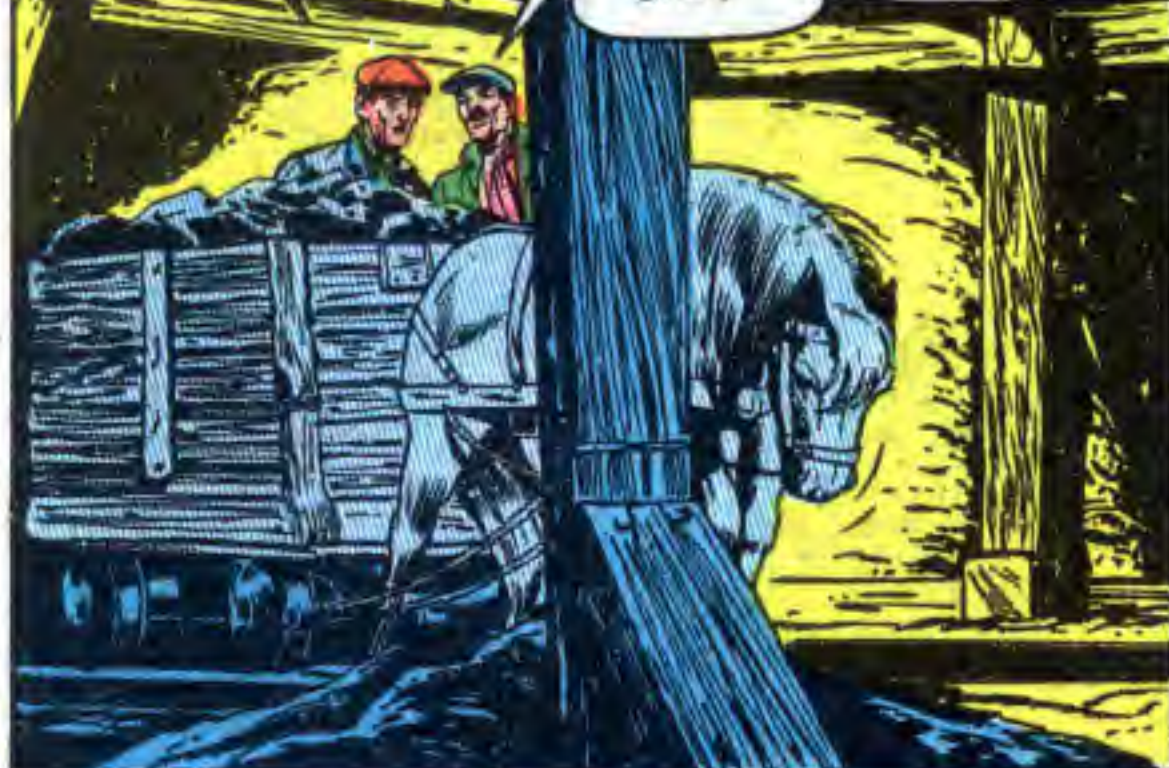
YA MEAN YA MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEAVE THIS MISERABLE PIT, WIGGINS? C'MON, TELL A PAL WHAT YE'VE GOT ON MIND?

JUST TAKE A LOOK BEHIND ME... WHAT D'YA SEE STANDIN' THERE?



ALL I SEE IS
A SHETLAND
PONY WHAT
PULLS THE
COAL CAR!

SURE - AND THESE LITTLE
SHETLAND TYKES IS WORTH
THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD TO
THE MINE OWNERS. THEY'LL
PAY FIFTY POUNDS APIECE FOR
YOUNG, STRONG ONES, AND
WE'RE THE BOYS WHO GETS
'EM!



BUT, WIGGINS! -
YOU DON'T MEAN
WE'RE GONNA
STEAL THE
PONIES, DO YOU?

'COURSE I MEAN TO
STEAL 'EM! ONCE
THEY'RE IN THE MINES,
THEIR OWNERS WILL
NEVER FIND 'EM! QUICK,
ARE YA WITH ME,
CORLEY?



MEANWHILE, ROD AND HIS MOTHER HAVE RETURNED TO
THEIR HOME AND THEY SEE THAT STAR IS COMFORTABLE
FOR THE NIGHT.

DO YOU
THINK WE SHOULD BLANKET
STAR, ROD? IT'S
COLD TONIGHT.

HE'S WARM ENOUGH,
MOTHER, HE STILL WEARS
HIS WINTER COAT.
GOODNIGHT, OLD PONY.



OH, MOTHER, IT
IS CHILLY. MAYBE
I'D BETTER RETURN
AND BLANKET STAR
AFTER ALL.

BUT IT'S GETTING
DARK, AND
PERHAPS YOU'D
BETTER COME
INTO THE HOUSE
AND GET THE
LANTERN BEFORE
YOU RETURN TO
THE STABLE.



AND AS THE
BOY AND
HIS MOTHER
APPROACH
THEIR
COTTAGE
DOOR, LITTLE
DO THEY
SUSPECT
THAT TWO
SHADOWY
FIGURES
WATCH THEM
FROM THE
FAR CORNER
OF THE
STABLE.



NOW - JUST TAKE
IT EASY - AN' WAIT'LL
THEY GO IN, WIGGINS.

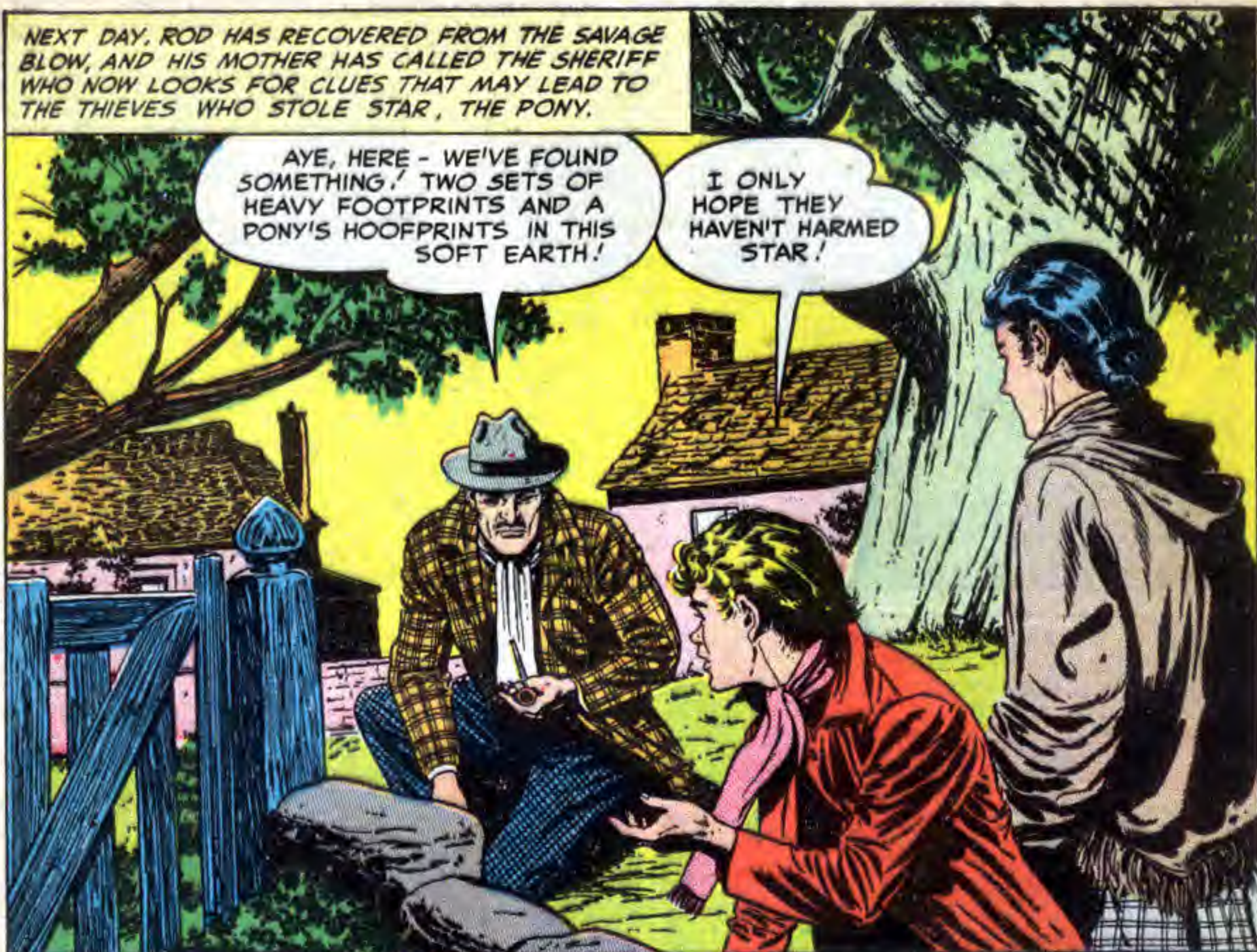




NEXT DAY, ROD HAS RECOVERED FROM THE SAVAGE BLOW, AND HIS MOTHER HAS CALLED THE SHERIFF WHO NOW LOOKS FOR CLUES THAT MAY LEAD TO THE THIEVES WHO STOLE STAR, THE PONY.

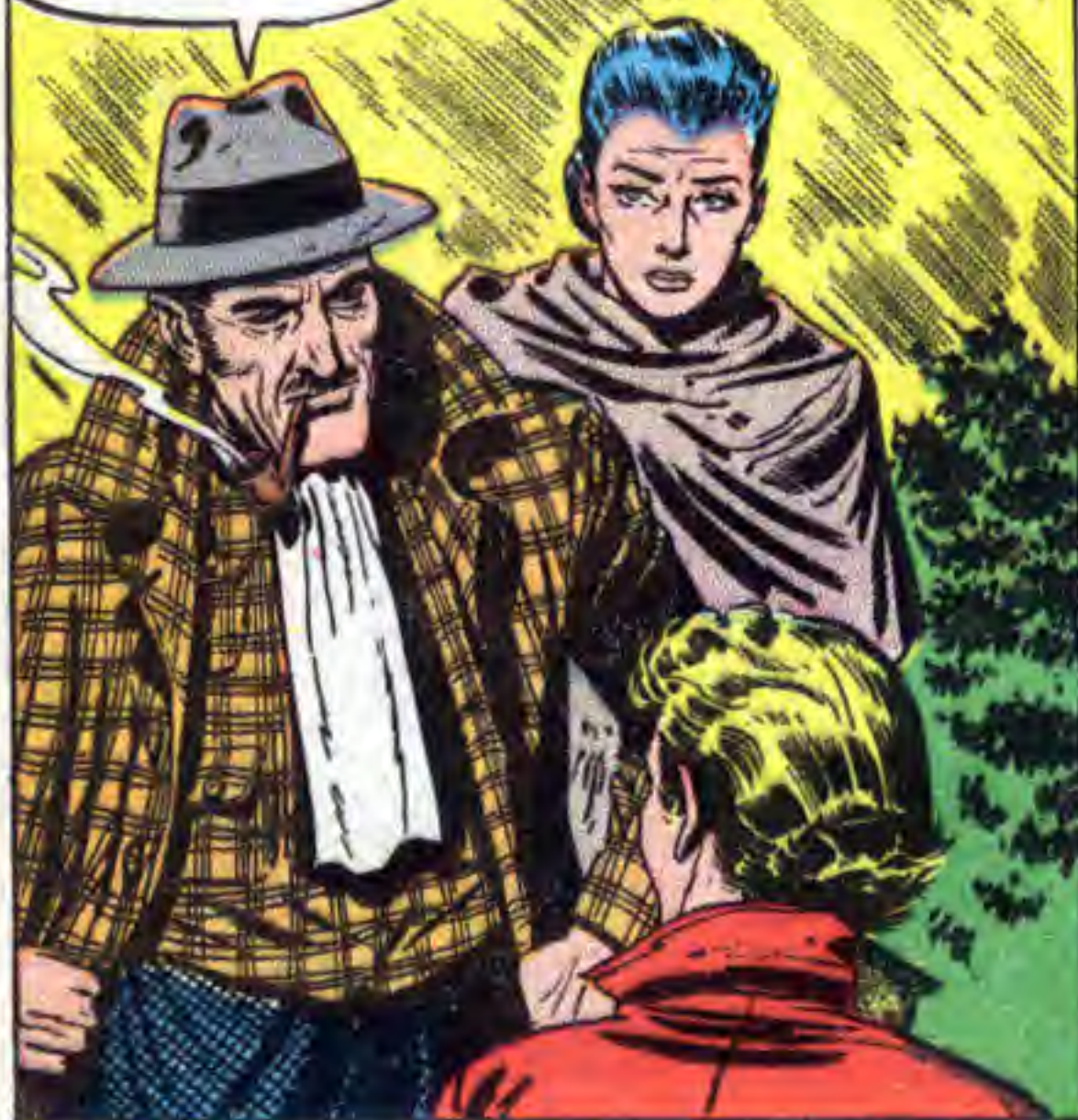
AYE, HERE - WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING! TWO SETS OF HEAVY FOOTPRINTS AND A PONY'S HOOFPRIINTS IN THIS SOFT EARTH!

I ONLY HOPE THEY HAVEN'T HARMED STAR!



THEY PROBABLY TOOK YOUR PONY OFF IN A WAGON DRAWN BY A GOOD TEAM OF HORSES. WE KNOW THAT PONY THIEVES HAVE STOLEN OTHER PONIES LIKE YOURS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD OF LATE.

BUT WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO STEAL OUR STAR?



FOR THE SAME REASON THAT THEY'VE STOLEN OTHER PONIES. THEY SELL THEM TO MINE OWNERS TO PULL COAL CARS IN THE PITS, AND ONCE THE PONIES GO DOWN THERE, THEY SELDOM RETURN TO THE SURFACE.

THE BATTERSLY MINES ARE NEAR HERE -- AND I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL TAKE STAR TO TRY TO SELL HIM! I'M GOING THERE!

OH, ROD...



AND ROD SLEPT VERY LITTLE THAT NIGHT... THE ONE THOUGHT ON HIS MIND WAS HIS PLAN FOR THE FOLLOWING DAY. HE WOULD GO TO THE DIFFERENT MINES TO LOOK FOR WORK... STRONG BOYS WERE ALWAYS WELCOME BECAUSE THEY WERE WORKED VERY HARD AND PAID LITTLE. WE NEXT SEE ROD AS HE HAS ARRIVED AT THE SURFACE ENTRANCE TO THE SINGLETON MINE IN BATTERSLY...

ROD SPEAKS TO THE MINE FOREMAN...

I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB, SIR...

HO! HO! SINCE WHEN COULD A STRIPLING OF A LAD LIKE YOU DO A HARD DAY'S WORK? SORRY... BE ON YOUR WAY!



BUT I'M A GOOD WORKER, SIR! HONEST, I AM! I DON'T MIND WORKING HARD AND STAYING LATE!

WELL, NOW... JUST A MINUTE! MAYBE I **HAVE** A JOB FOR YOU AFTER ALL! I NEED A GOOD LAD TO FEED AND TAKE CARE OF THE PONIES IN THE MINE. MAYBE **YOU'D** FIT THE ORDER... COME ALONG...



I'M SURE I'LL LIKE THIS JOB, MR. MULLETT!

YOU CAN GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY. IT'S NEARLY NOON - THE PONIES WILL BE COMING TO THE HEAD OF THE SHAFT FOR THEIR MID-DAY GRAIN.



WE'RE JUST IN TIME... HERE COMES THE FIRST OF THE PONIES. NOW HOP TO IT, LAD... YOU'LL FIND THE GRAIN IN THE BARREL OVER THERE... AND I'LL STICK AROUND TO SEE HOW YOU GO ABOUT IT.



HERE'S YOUR GRAIN, POOR LITTLE FELLOW... AND PERHAPS MY PONY, STAR, IS BEING TREATED JUST AS YOU ARE.





I ONLY WISH I COULD BE SURE THAT STAR IS BEING FED RIGHT NOW AS YOU ARE, LITTLE FELLOW.



WHAT?? ... **STAR!** ... IS THAT **YOU??** ... MY POOR STAR... I'VE FOUND YOU! ... YOU WERE HERE AFTER ALL!



THAT'S MY PONY!... MY PONY... YOU STOLE MY PONY... HE'S MY STAR!

SHUT YER TRAP, YA YOUNG PUP... OR YE'LL WISH YA NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS A DUMB PONY IN THE FIRST PLACE! AND JUST FOR THIS -YOU'RE FIRED!



BUT ONCE SAFELY OUT OF THE MINE, ROD LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. HE TELLS HIS STORY...

... AND IT WAS MY PONY, SHERIFF ... IT WAS MY STAR... HE EVEN RECOGNIZED ME...

I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, LAD... BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T RUN RIGHT OUT AND HELP YOU. THERE ARE DOZENS OF BLACK PONIES WITH STARS ON THEIR FOREHEADS AND WE MUST HAVE MORE EVIDENCE THAN THIS BEFORE WE CAN SAY THAT A PONY WAS STOLEN FROM ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

NOT A BIT DISCOURAGED BY THE SHERIFF'S REMARKS, ROD SETS OUT TO TRY TO GET EVIDENCE THAT WILL HELP HIM. HE RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE OF BATTERSLY AND KEEPS A SHARP EYE FOR SOME CLUE THAT WILL LEAD TO THE PONY THIEVES. FINALLY, HIS SEARCH LEADS HIM TO A TAVERN WINDOW, AND INSIDE HE SEES TWO MEN WHOM HE THINKS HE HAS SEEN BEFORE...

AND SLOWLY, ROD OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS...



I'VE SEEN THOSE FACES BEFORE!
IT WAS THAT NIGHT IN THE STABLE..



...AND HE SLIPS TO A BOOTH AND CROUCHES AS HE LISTENS...



BUT, WIGGINS, DON'T YA THINK WE OUGHT TO LAY LOW FER A WHILE? WE'VE BEEN TAKIN' TOO MANY PONIES... WE'VE BEEN WORKING TOO FAST. WE'LL BE CAUGHT!

RIGHT CORLEY!
ONE MORE **GOOD** JOB AN' WE LAY LOW FER A WHILE. TONIGHT WE GO TO THE SOUTH-GATE PONY FARM... THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF FINE PONIES THERE ...WE'LL TAKE THE BIG WAGON AN' GET MAYBE SIX OF 'EM AT ONCE!



ROD HAS HEARD ENOUGH. AND WITH THIS NEWS HE IS OFF TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM.



SO- THEY'RE MAKING A HAUL AT THE SOUTHGATE PONY FARM, EH? THANKS, LAD... THANKS FOR THE TIP! WE'LL BE WAITING THERE FOR THEM WITH SEVERAL MEN, AND WE'LL BAG THE LOT OF THEM!

I'M SURE THEY'RE THE ONES I SAW IN OUR STABLE!

IN SHORT ORDER THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN ARE IN THE STABLES OF THE SOUTHGATE PONY FARM. ROD IS WITH THEM AS PLANS ARE LAID FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE PONY THIEVES.

MATTIE, YOU HIDE IN THAT STALL TO MY RIGHT! LESLIE, YOU GET INTO THAT STALL ON THE LEFT! AND YOU, GEORGE, GET BEHIND THE DOOR TO CUT THEM OFF IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE! ROD, YOU STAY WITH ME! NOW - WE'LL WAIT... AND NOT A SOUND 'TIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL..



WELL, WE'RE ALL READY FOR THEM, ROD - AND I HOPE YOUR INFORMATION PROVES CORRECT.

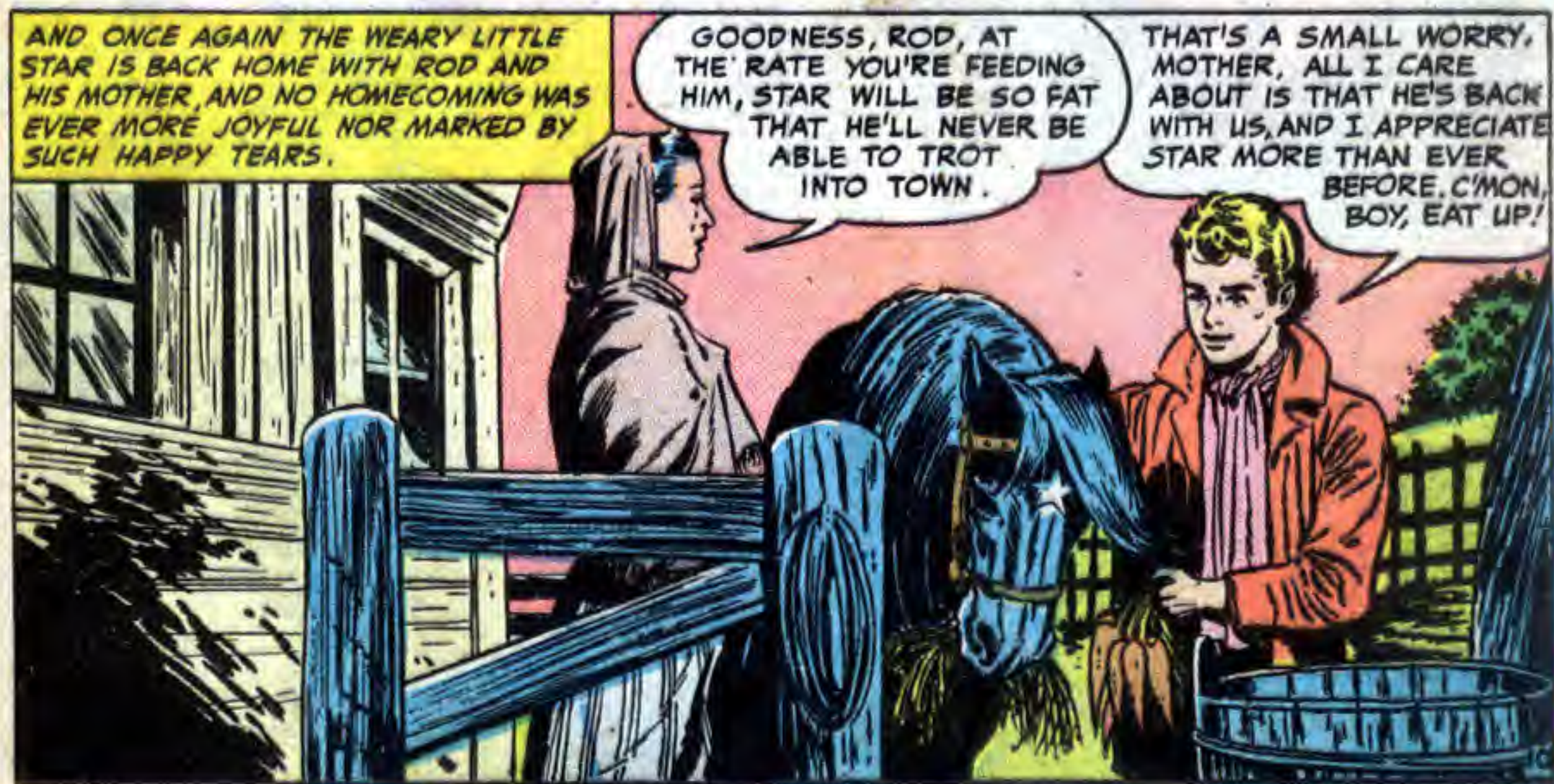
SHERIFF, I'M SURE THAT I HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE COMING TO THE SOUTHGATE PONY FARM TONIGHT... BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY THE EXACT TIME.

SHH-H-H!... HERE COMES SOMEBODY, NOW - QUIET...

WIGGINS, I'M A LITTLE AFRAID... SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP!

BE QUIET, YOU FOOL! THIS IS THE EASIEST THING WE'VE HAD YET!





The EAGLE'S NEST

WHERE ARE THE MIGHTY HUNTERS OF THIS LODGE? A WAR BONNET AND TWO HUNTING SHIRTS MUST I MAKE, YET NOT **ONE** EAGLE FEATHER DO I HAVE FOR DECORATION.

I CAN BE OF HELP, MY GRANDMOTHER. AT ONCE WILL I GO TO HUNT THE WAR EAGLE, AND I WILL BRING BACK ENOUGH FEATHERS FOR YOUR SEWING.

WE ARE IN THE LODGE OF **RUNNING WOLF**, CHIEF OF THE DAKOTA TRIBE, AND **LITTLE FOX**, THE BRAVE SON OF THE CHIEF, LISTENS ATTENTIVELY AS HIS AGED GRANDMOTHER, **TELEWA**, SPEAKS...

AND SO, LITTLE FOX SEEKS OUT HIS GOOD FRIEND STRONG BOW, AND TOGETHER THEY GO INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO HUNT THE GREAT GOLDEN EAGLE, KNOWN TO THE INDIANS AS THE "WAR EAGLE."

AIE, LITTLE FOX, YOU TRAVEL TOO FAST... I CANNOT KEEP UP WITH YOU ON THIS TRAIL.

WE ARE NEAR THE SPOT FROM WHICH I THINK I SAW AN EAGLE'S NEST ON A LEDGE.

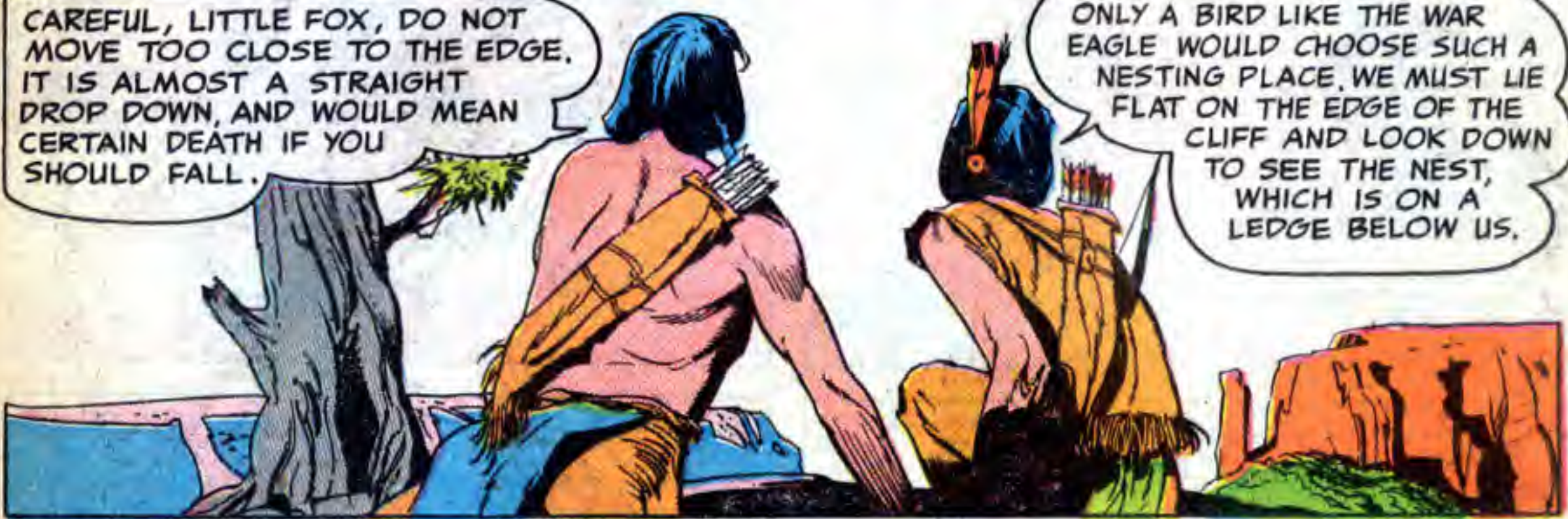


IT IS OVER THERE... WE MUST GO TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF TO SEE THE NEST MORE CLEARLY.

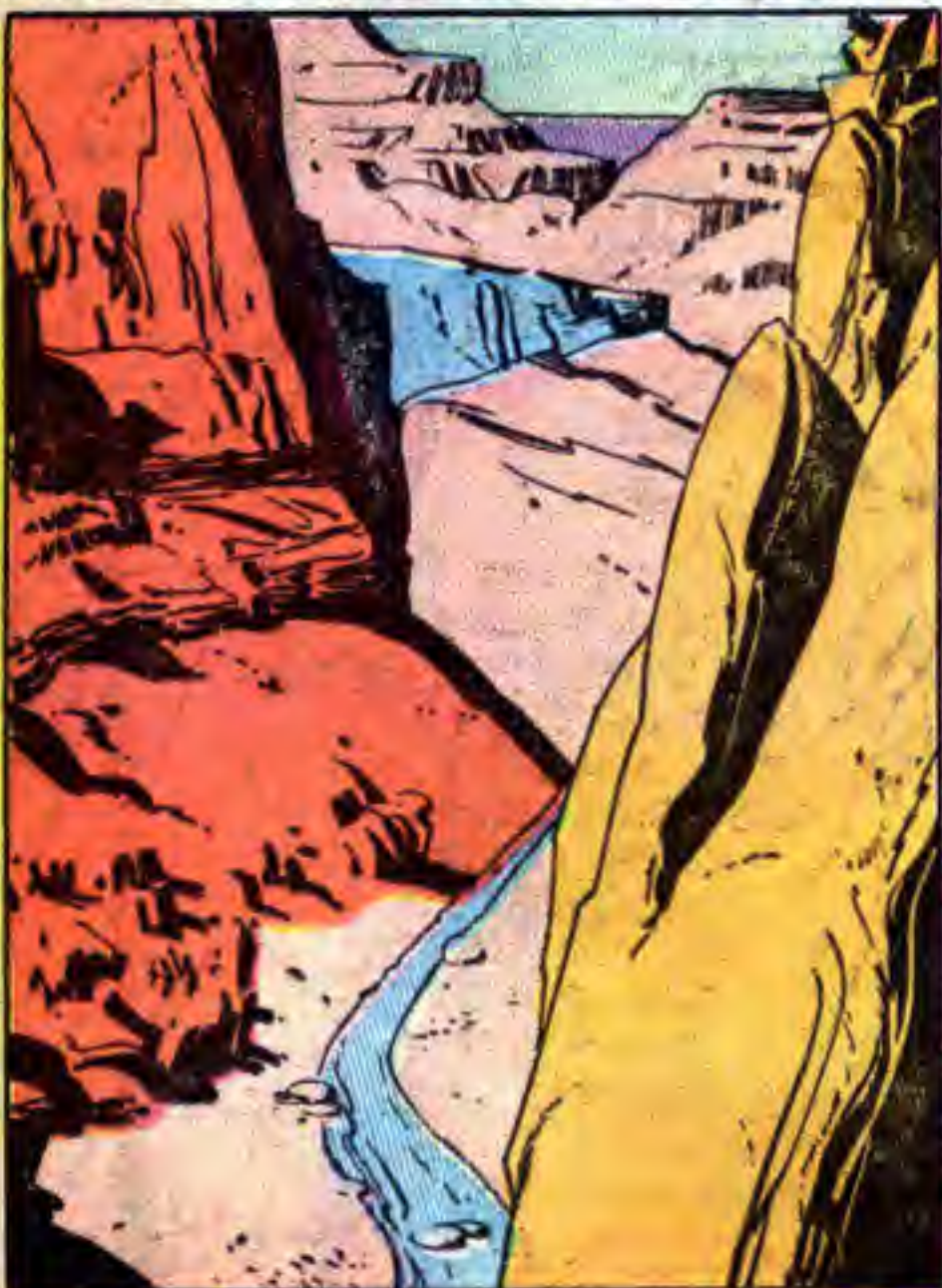


CAREFUL, LITTLE FOX, DO NOT MOVE TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE. IT IS ALMOST A STRAIGHT DROP DOWN, AND WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH IF YOU SHOULD FALL.

ONLY A BIRD LIKE THE WAR EAGLE WOULD CHOOSE SUCH A NESTING PLACE. WE MUST LIE FLAT ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND LOOK DOWN TO SEE THE NEST, WHICH IS ON A LEDGE BELOW US.



THE YOUNG INDIANS WOULD PROBABLY BE LESS BOLD IF THEY COULD HAVE A SIDE VIEW OF THE CANYON, FOR IT SHOWS A SHEER DROP OF HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE TINY WINDING STREAM BELOW.



THERE, STRONG BOW! THERE IS THE EAGLE'S NEST -- SEE? AND THERE ARE THREE BABY EAGLES IN IT!

BUT HOW CAN WE EVER GET TO THE NEST? IT IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR EITHER OF US TO TRY TO REACH!



STRONG BOW, I THINK I HAVE A PLAN BY WHICH WE CAN REACH THE NEST! WE SHALL HAVE MY GRANDMOTHER, TELEWA, BRAID A ROPE OF STRONG LEATHER THONGS WHICH WE CAN WIND AROUND THAT LITTLE TREE STUMP AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE, AND HOLD US AS WE ARE LOWERED TO THE LEDGE!



THAT NIGHT, BACK IN HIS FATHER'S TEPEE, LITTLE FOX SPEAKS WITH HIS GRANDMOTHER AS SHE BRAIDS THE ROPE OF LEATHER THONGS...

I BRAID THIS ROPE FOR YOU, MY GRANDSON, BUT I HOPE ITS USE DOES NOT BRING YOU TO DANGER!



DO NOT BE AFRAID, GOOD GRANDMOTHER. JUST MAKE THE ROPE STRONG AND I AM SURE THAT MY PLAN WILL WORK, AND IT WILL MEAN JOY TO YOU IN THE END!

EVEN YET YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ME WHY YOU AND STRONG BOW NEED THIS ROPE.

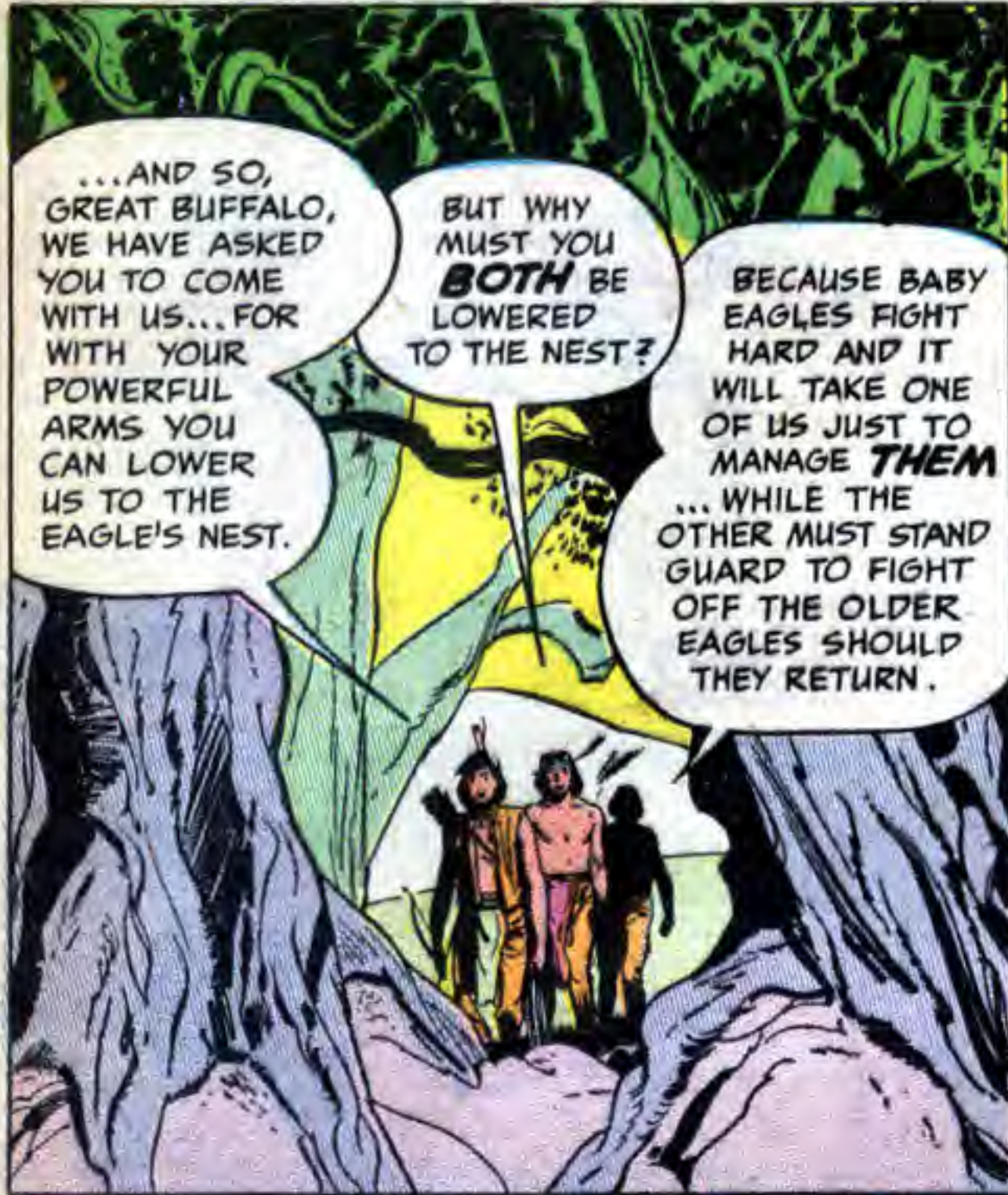


GRANDMOTHER, WHEN THERE ARE NO EAGLE FEATHERS LEFT IN THE LODGE, ONE OF OUR DAKOTA MUST GO HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO HUNT. SOMETIMES DAYS ARE NEEDED TO KILL AN EAGLE, BUT WE HAVE FOUND A NEST HOLDING THREE SMALL ONES. WITH YOUR ROPE WE HOPE TO REACH THEM AND BRING THEM HOME WHERE WE CAN RAISE THEM, AND WE SHALL HAVE A GOOD SUPPLY OF EAGLE FEATHERS FOR THE LODGE.

A VERY WORTHY PLAN, GRANDSON, BUT I KNOW THE HABITS OF EAGLES MUCH BETTER THAN YOU DO-AND I DO NOT THINK THAT YOU WILL EVER SUCCEED IN BRINGING BABY EAGLES HOME TO THIS TEPEE.



NEXT DAY... WITH THEIR HEAVY LEATHER ROPE, LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW RETURN TO THE EAGLE'S LEDGE, AND WITH THEM THEY BRING ANOTHER OF THE OLDER BRAVES ...HE IS **GREAT BUFFALO**, AND ONE NOTED FOR HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH.



AND WITH THE LEATHER ROPE SNUBBED AROUND THE TREE STUMP TO EASE THE STRAIN, THE POWERFUL GREAT BUFFALO LOWERS THE TWO BOLD INDIAN BOYS TO THE DANGEROUS LEDGE BELOW!



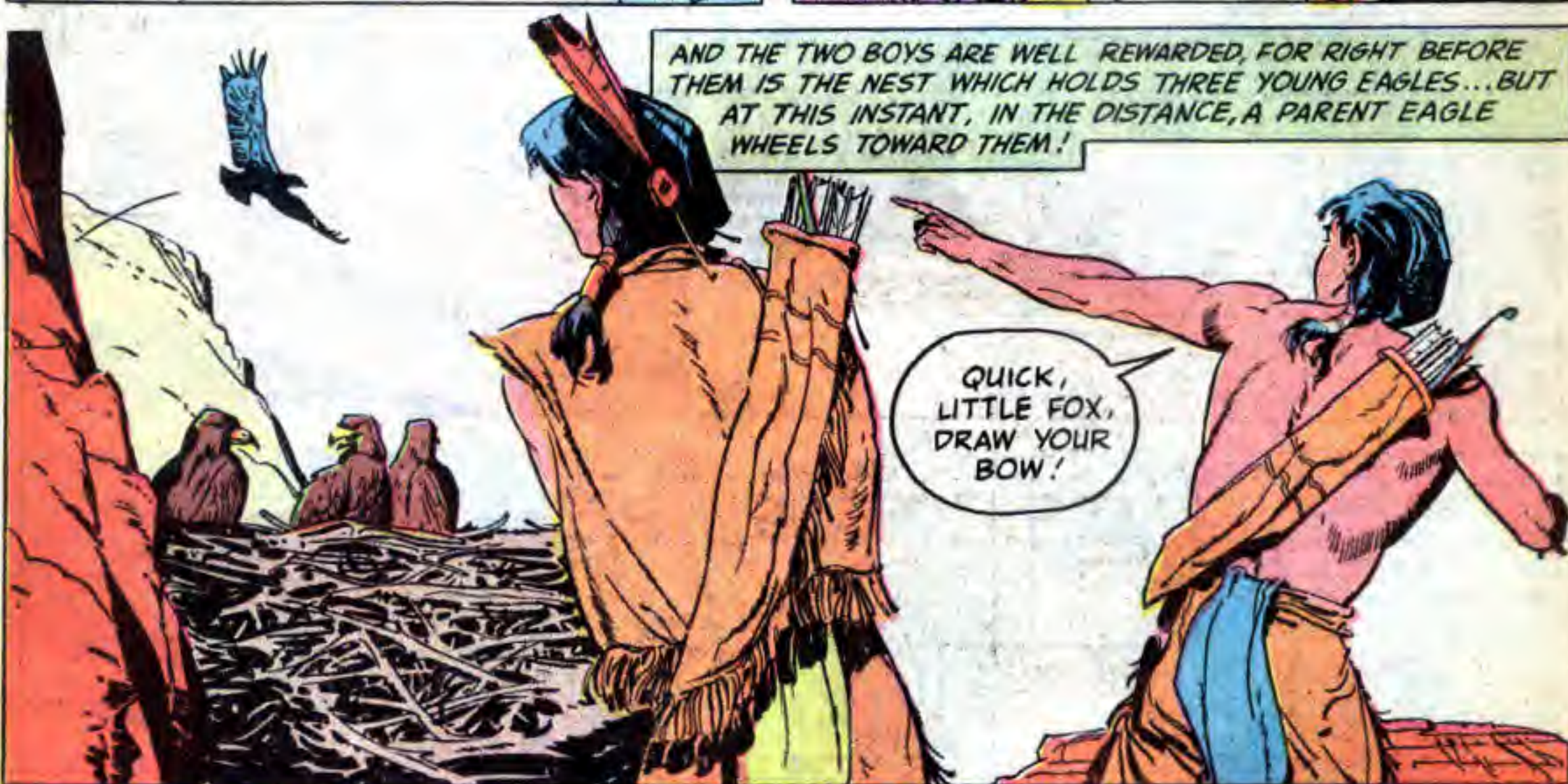
THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS SWING HARD ENOUGH TO GET A GOOD START AND LEAP TO THE LEDGE WHEN I SAY **READY!**



READY...!



AND THE TWO BOYS ARE WELL REWARDED, FOR RIGHT BEFORE THEM IS THE NEST WHICH HOLDS THREE YOUNG EAGLES...BUT AT THIS INSTANT, IN THE DISTANCE, A PARENT EAGLE WHEELS TOWARD THEM!



QUICK, LITTLE FOX, DRAW YOUR BOW!

AND WITH THE PRECISION BORN OF LONG PRACTICE WITH THE BOW, BOTH BOYS SEND WHINING SHAFTS ALMOST AT ONCE. THE GREAT WAR-LIKE BIRD FALTERS IN MID-AIR AND PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



QUICKLY... GET THE YOUNG EAGLES, LITTLE FOX! THE OTHER MATE CANNOT BE FAR AWAY AND IF IT ATTACKS US WE MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY THE NEXT TIME!



ON THE CLIFF ABOVE, THE UNSUSPECTING GREAT BUFFALO TENSELY AWAITS THE SIGNAL TO DRAW THE BOYS BACK TO SAFETY... BUT SUDDENLY A NEW THREAT PRESENTS ITSELF IN THE FORM OF A GIANT GRIZZLY!

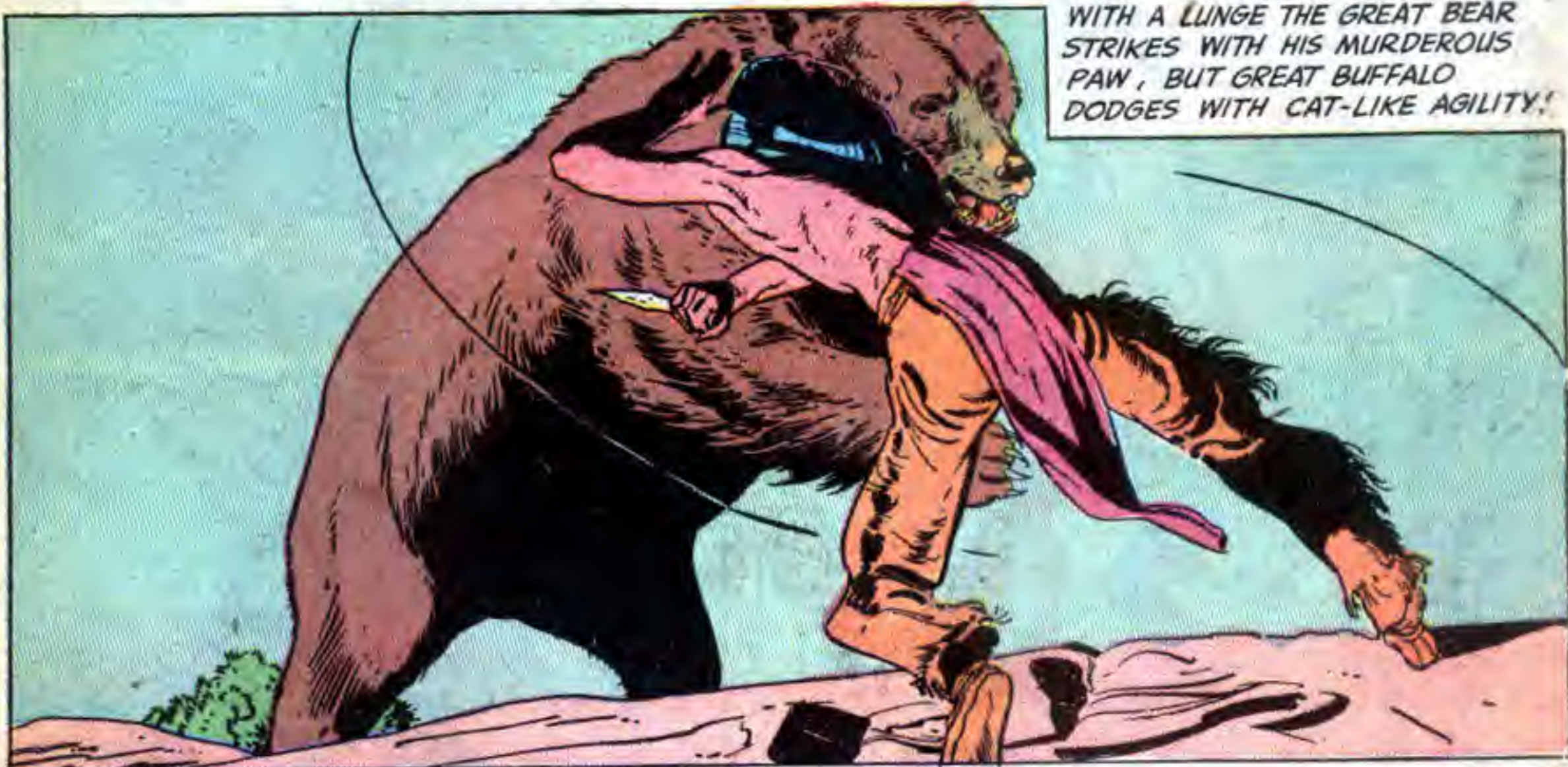


THREAT PRESENTS ITSELF IN THE FORM OF A GIANT GRIZZLY!

WITH BARELY ENOUGH TIME TO DRAW HIS KNIFE, GREAT BUFFALO WHEELS TO FACE THE ONCOMING SNARLING MONSTER!



WITH A LUNGE THE GREAT BEAR STRIKES WITH HIS MURDEROUS PAW, BUT GREAT BUFFALO DODGES WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY!



LITTLE FOX!
STRONG BOW!
HELP ME!
HELP ME!



IT IS GREAT BUFFALO!
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!
HE IS IN TROUBLE!



THE ROPE...
LOOK... IT IS
LOOSE... IT
IS FALLING
DOWN!

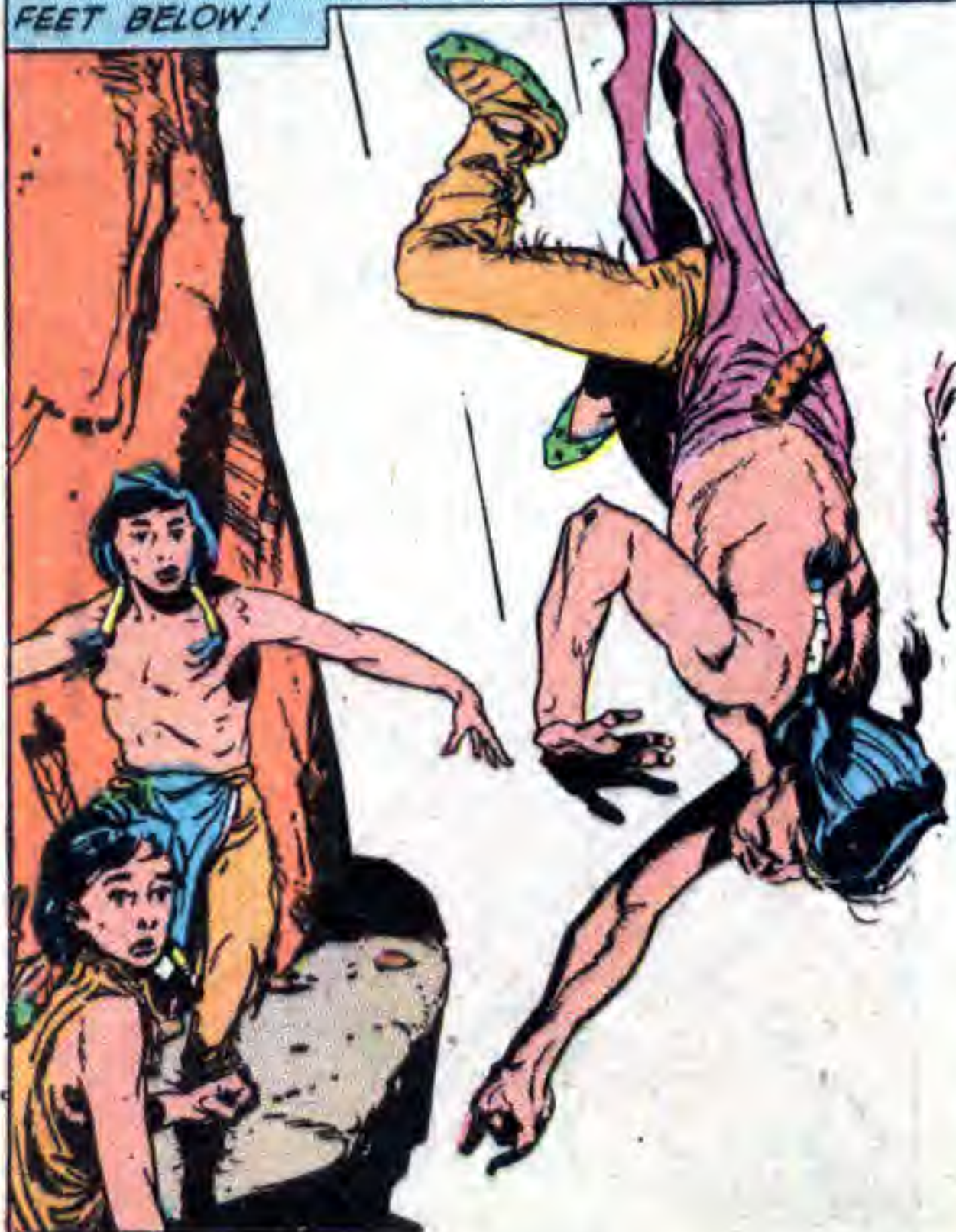
WHAT? ... HOW
CAN WE GET UP
TO HELP GREAT
BUFFALO?



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, ABOVE, GREAT BUFFALO TRIES TO
AVOID ANOTHER CHARGE OF THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER... AND
HE TRIPS!



BEFORE THE HORRIFIED EYES OF THE BOYS, THE
FIGURE OF GREAT BUFFALO HURTTLES THROUGH
SPACE TO THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON, HUNDREDS OF
FEET BELOW!



AND SHOCKED INTO SILENCE BY THE ACCIDENT
THAT CLAIMED THEIR FRIEND'S LIFE, THE TWO
BOYS NOW SIT QUIETLY ON THE LEDGE AND THINK
OVER THEIR NEXT MOVE. WHILE ABOVE THEM THE
WOUNDED GRIZZLY RAGES WITH THE LUST TO
KILL, AND STALKS BACK AND FORTH AS HE
SEEKS A WAY TO GET AT THE TWO HUMANS
BELOW...



WELL, STRONG BOW, THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OPEN FOR US. WE MUST GET BACK TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.. AND IT WILL BE **US** AGAINST THAT BEAR!

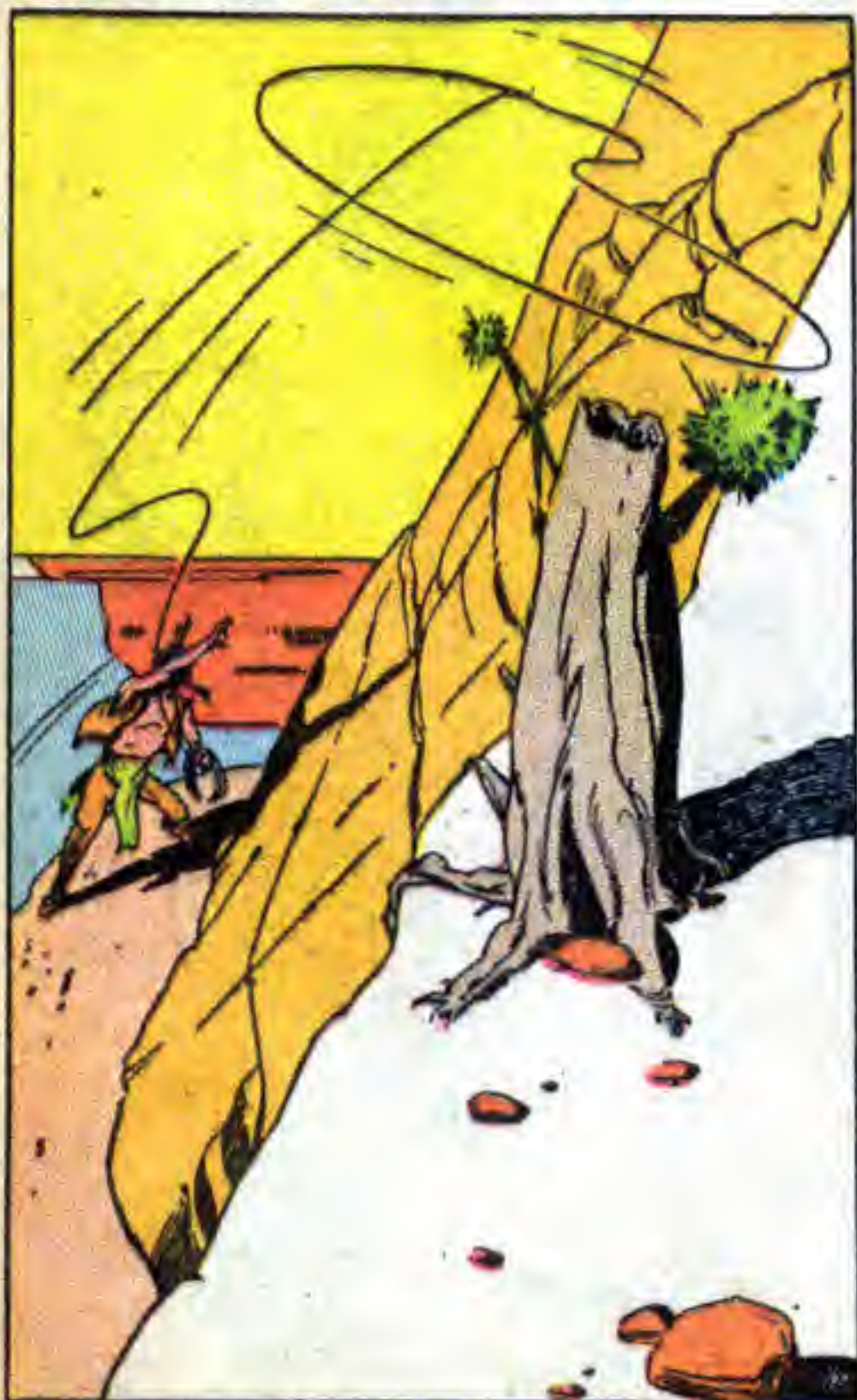
YES... BUT OUR ROPE... IT LIES HERE ON THE LEDGE, HOW SHALL WE CLIMB?



I DO NOT THINK WE ARE DEFEATED YET. THAT TREE STUMP IS DIRECTLY ABOVE US, AND IF I'M LUCKY, I MAY BE ABLE TO THROW A LOOP OVER IT.



AND WITH GREAT SKILL, LITTLE FOX THROWS A LOOP THAT IS ABOUT TO DROP OVER THE STUMP...



... BUT THE GRIZZLY IS THERE, AND WITH A FLICK OF HIS PAW HE BRUSHES THE LOOP AWAY FROM THE STUMP.



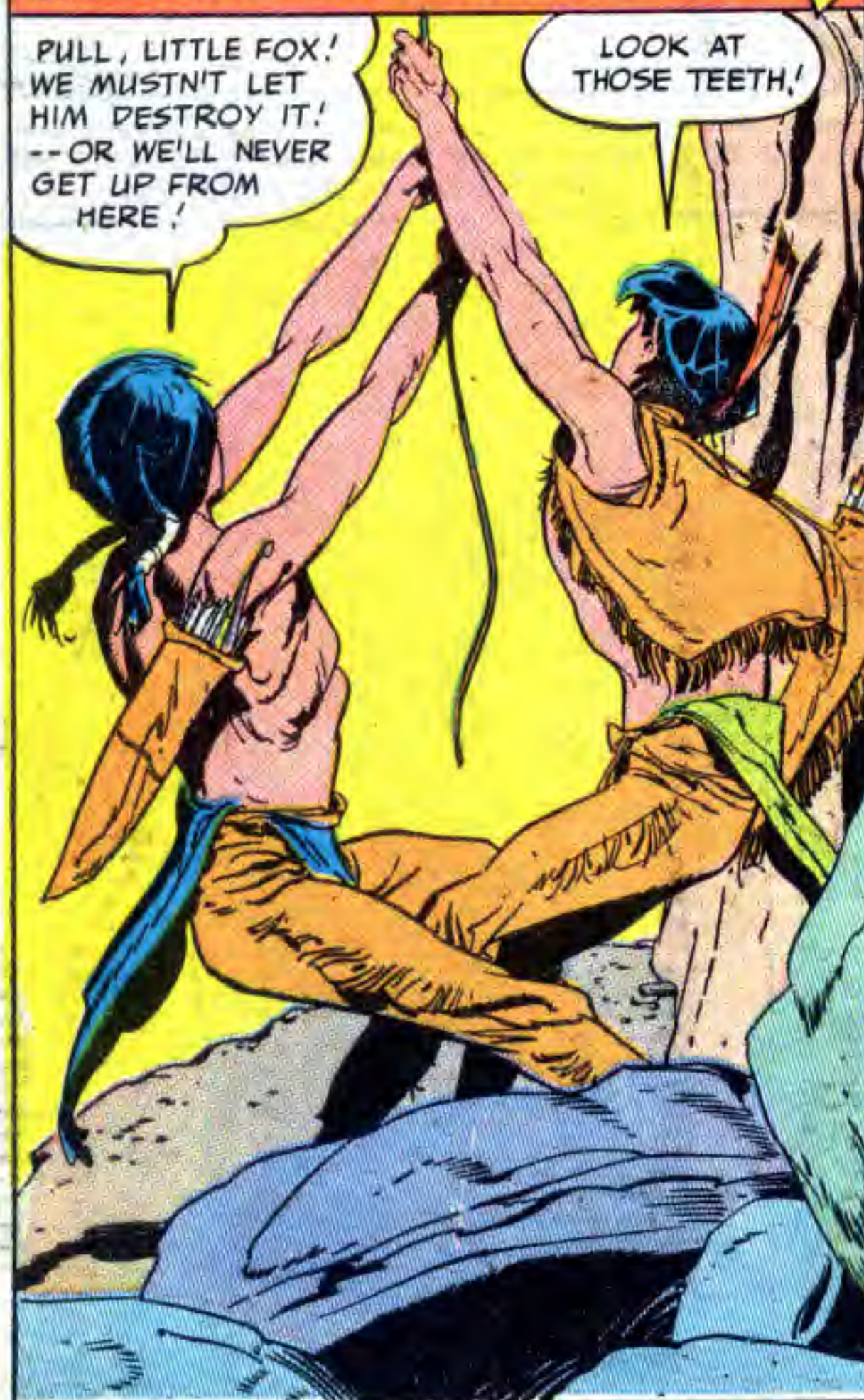
AND IN HIS ANGER, THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER TEARS THE LEATHER ROPE WITH HIS FANGS...



WHILE BELOW, THE TWO BOYS TUG AT THEIR END.

PULL, LITTLE FOX!
WE MUSTN'T LET
HIM DESTROY IT!
--OR WE'LL NEVER
GET UP FROM
HERE!

LOOK AT
THOSE TEETH!



SUDDENLY THE WEAKENED LOOP BREAKS AND THE RAGING GRIZZLY SEES IT SNAP FROM HIS GRASP.



WE'VE GOT
IT, STRONG BOW!

HE LOOKS
AS THOUGH HE'S
GOING TO JUMP!

LIKE A GRIM SENTINEL, THE GREAT BEAR NOW TAKES UP A POSITION OF TIRELESS WATCH, AND HIS BLAZING EYES NEVER LEAVE THE TWO YOUTHFUL FIGURES BELOW.

AT REGULAR INTERVALS THE GREAT HEAD IS LIFTED, AND WITH DREADFUL FANGS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WESTERN SKY, A GHASTLY ROAR OF THE UNTAMED SHATTERS THE MOUNTAIN STILLNESS.



THE HELPLESS YOUNG INDIANS ARE CUT OFF FROM THEIR ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE AND MINUTES GROW INTO HOURS WITH NO SOLUTION FOR THEIR PREDICAMENT.

IF ONLY SOME OF OUR DAKOTA COULD KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

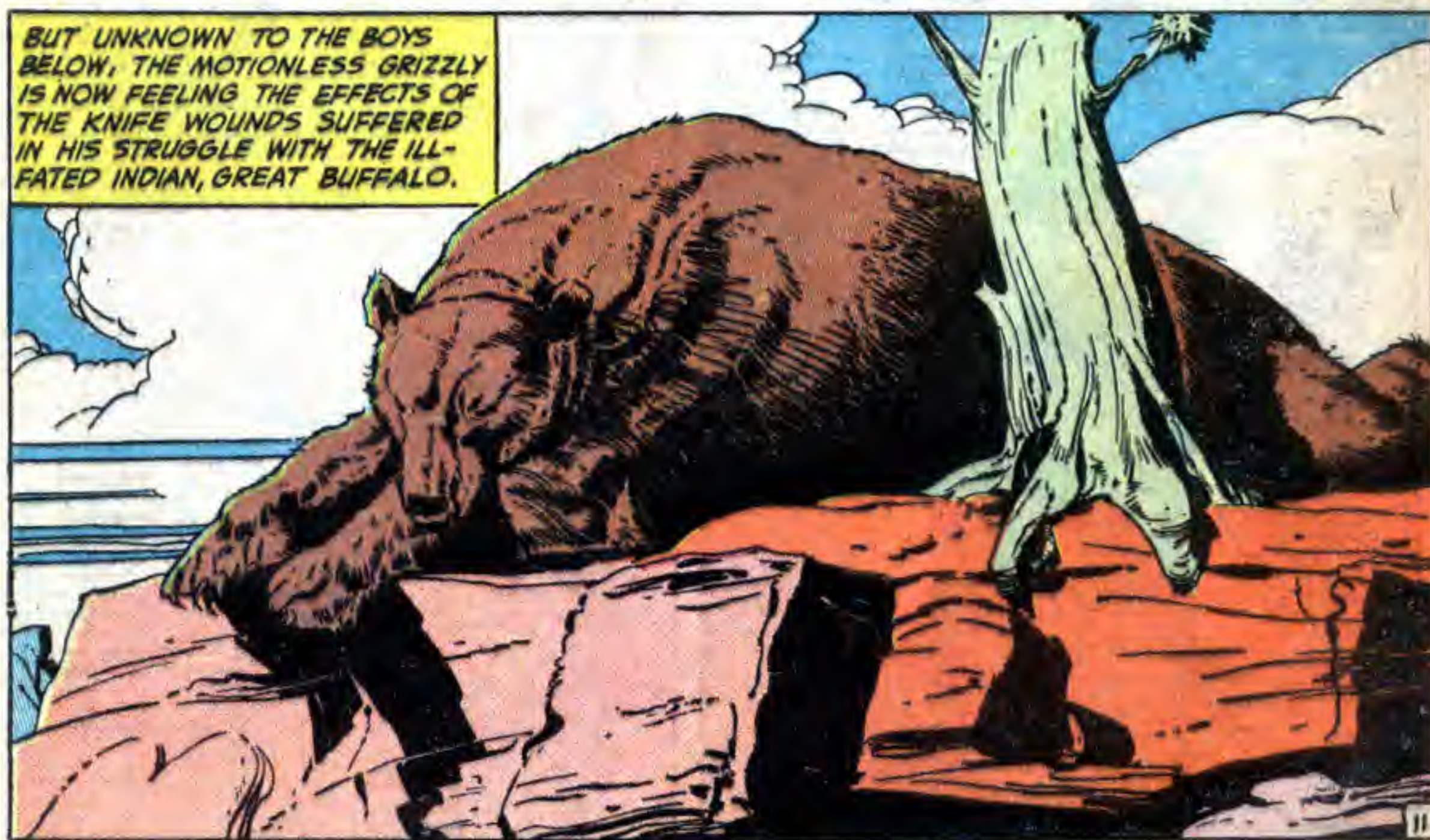
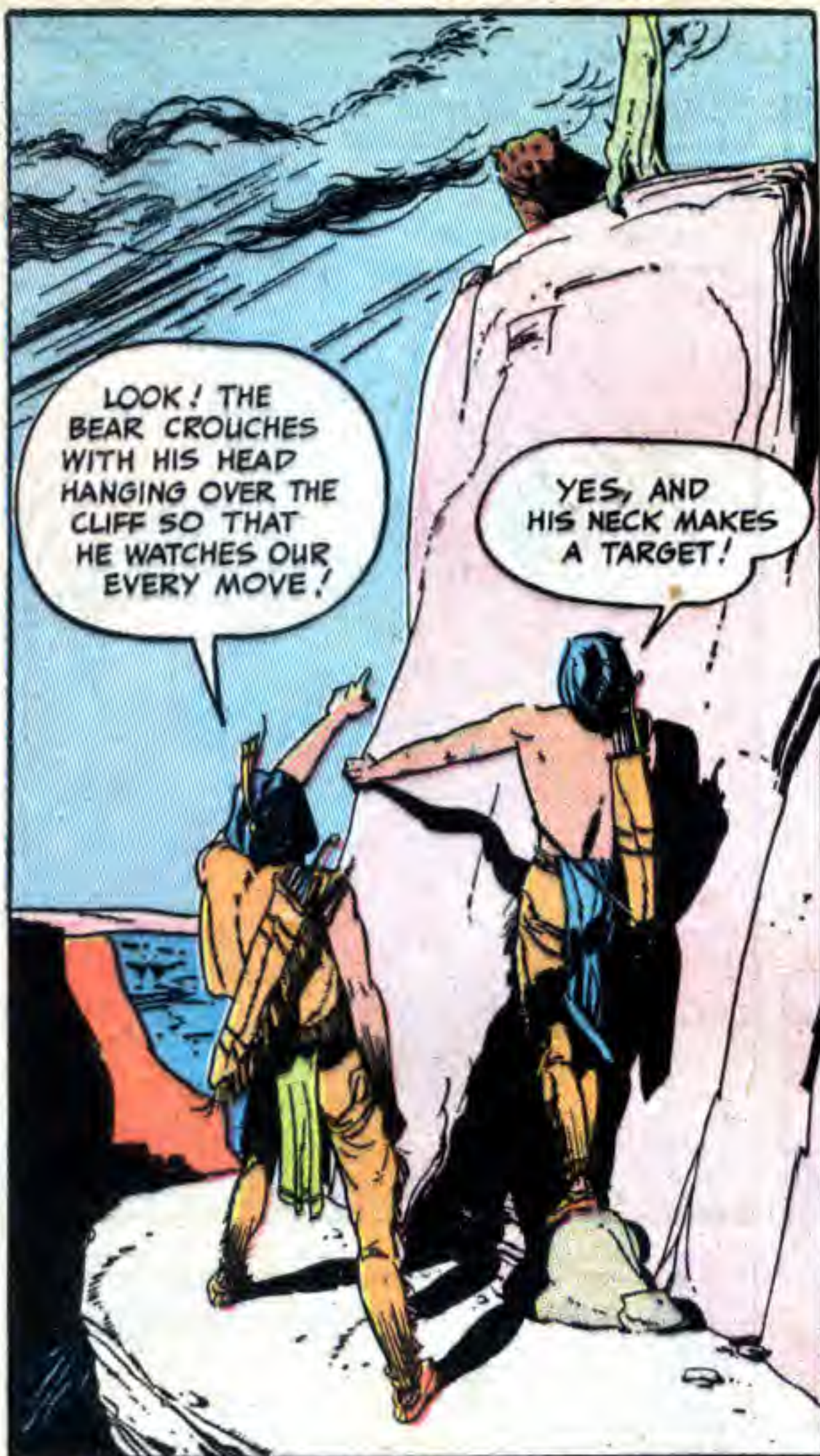
WE CAN EXPECT NO HELP, LITTLE FOX, WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE OURSELVES.



WE ARE GROWING WEAK FROM HUNGER AND THIRST. BEFORE WE ARE HELPLESS, WE MUST MAKE **ONE** FINAL EFFORT TO DESTROY THE UGLY ENEMY THAT BLOCKS OUR PATH.

BUT HOW, LITTLE FOX? OUR PROBLEM IS STILL THE SAME!





IN A FLASH THE BOYS DRAW
BOW-STRINGS, AND ARROWS
ARE HELD ON THE TARGET...



... BUT SUDDENLY THE GREAT ANIMAL ABOVE RISES
AND TOTTERS WEAKLY AT THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF.
IN DISMAY, THE BOYS DROP
THEIR BOWS AND STAND
IN WONDER.



WITH A HELPLESS LURCH, THE GRIZZLY TUMBLES OFF
THE CLIFF...



...AND LIES STILL ON THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON
BELOW.



LUCK IS WITH US AT LAST, LITTLE FOX! NOW... WE CAN THROW OUR ROPE OVER THE STUMP.

YES, AND HOW STRANGE IS FATE, FOR EVEN IN DEATH **GREAT BUFFALO** HELPED US. AFTER ALL, HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR US!



AND WITH THE ROPE THROWN OVER THE STUMP, THE BOYS ARE SOON CLIMBING TO THE CLIFF'S TOP.



AND TRAVELLING HOMEWARD, THE WEARY INDIAN BOYS MAKE CAMP NEAR A BROOK, AND THE FOREST PROVIDES THE GAME FOR THEIR LONG DELAYED MEAL.

WELL, LITTLE FOX, NEVER WAS ANY MEAL ENJOYED LIKE WE WILL ENJOY THIS ONE



SOMETIME LATER... LITTLE FOX IS AGAIN BACK IN HIS FATHER'S LODGE WITH HIS GRANDMOTHER, OLD TELEWA. SHE FEEDS HIM A NOURISHING BROTH AND MAKES HIM COMFORTABLE ON HIS BUFFALO SKINS BY THE FIRE.

SO MY GRANDSON - PERHAPS YOUR COSTLY LESSON THIS DAY WILL HELP TO TEACH YOU THAT THE WISDOM OF YOUR FATHERS AND THEIR HUNTING METHODS WAS PERHAPS BETTER AFTER ALL. YOUR FRIEND, GREAT BUFFALO, IS GONE FOREVER - BUT LET HIS MEMORY ALWAYS REMIND YOU THAT A TRUE DAKOTA BRAVE WILL GIVE HIS LIFE, IF NEEDED, FOR A FRIEND.

I'LL REMEMBER THIS LESSON, GRANDMOTHER.. GOODNIGHT.



NECKERCHIEF IS PICTURED ON INSIDE FRONT COVER

**BUDDIES! WEAR YOUR
NECKERCHIEF THIS WAY**



**SWEETHEARTS, WEAR
YOUR NECKERCHIEF
AS A BABUSHKA!**

Every member of my
Buster Brown Gang is
going to want one of
these bright, colorful neckerchiefs. It's
shown here in black and white, but the
one you'll get will be in beautiful orange,
green and brown. It's big, too—22x24
inches. Notice that it pictures Buster and
Tige, Froggy the gremlin, Squeekie the
mouse, Grandy the piano and Midnight
the cat. And, oh yes, I'm there, too, right
in the middle.

Smilin' Ed McConnell

This gleaming gold-colored
metal clip comes with every
neckerchief. There's a picture
of Buster and Tige right in the
center. It's an emblem that
every member of my gang will
be proud to wear.



*A neckerchief and clip of this high qual-
ity would sell in the stores for 80¢ or
more. But these neckerchiefs were made
up especially and exclusively for Buster
Brown Gang members, and the cost
for both the neckerchief and the clip,
mailed right to your home, is only 25¢.*

HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

It's easy. All you have to do is
to fill out the coupon at the right,
paste a quarter in the circle shown
there and mail to me. Just address
the envelope to:

Smilin' Ed McConnell,
P. O. Box 3355,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Smilin' Ed McConnell
P. O. Box 3355, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Dear Smilin' Ed:

I am a member of the Buster Brown Gang.
I wear Buster Brown Shoes. I buy them at

.....
(DEALER'S NAME)

.....
(DEALER'S ADDRESS)

My name is..... I am... years old.

My address is.....

.....
I enclose 25¢ for which please send me the Buster Brown Gang
neckerchief and clip.

**PASTE
25¢
HERE**

FROGGY



SQUEEKY



MIDNIGHT



TIGE



BUSTER



Sizes 4 to 8
9 to 13

(For children one to six years old)

FROGGY, SQUEEKY, MIDNIGHT
© ED McCONNELL, 1946

SENSATIONAL NEW SLIPPERS FOR CHILDREN THAT PICTURE THE FAMOUS BUSTER BROWN RADIO GANG!

They're so cute . . . so cozy . . . so colorful! Wonderful Animules almost bring Froggy, Squeeky and the rest of the Buster Brown Radio Gang to life on a delighted youngster's feet! Equally fine for gifts or everyday wear. Your Buster Brown shoeman has them now!

Smilin' Ed McConnell

